

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 714. VOL. XXVIII.

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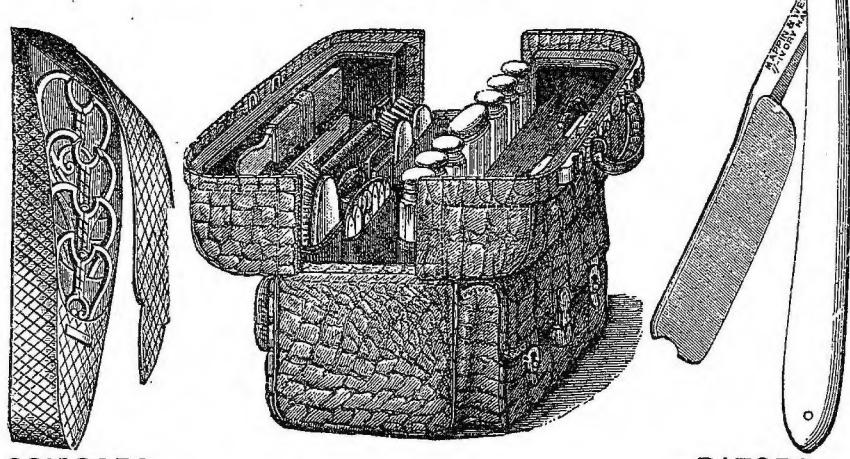
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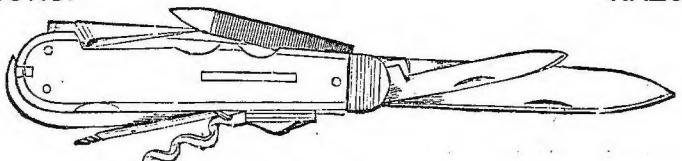
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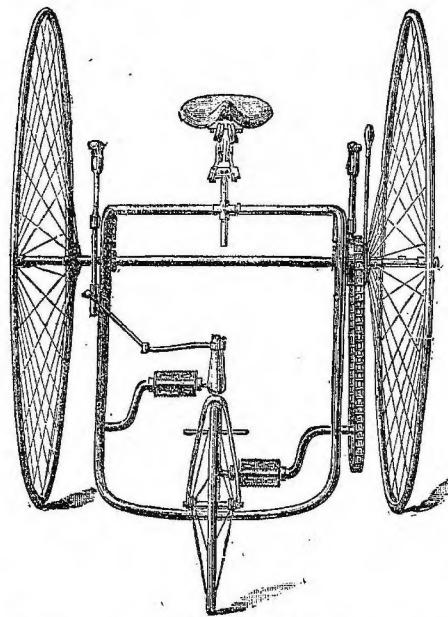
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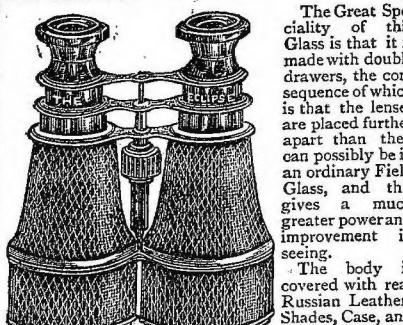
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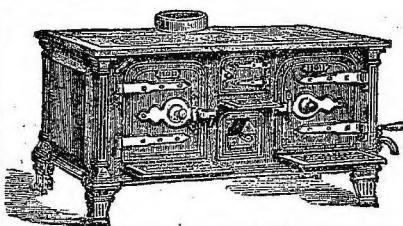
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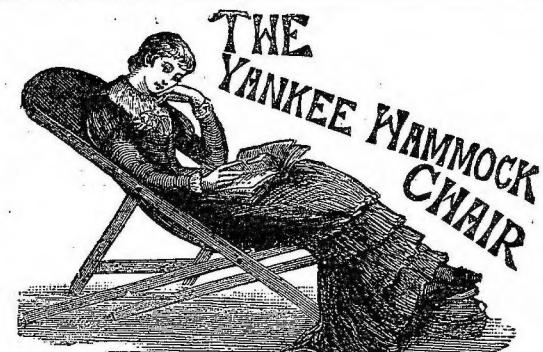


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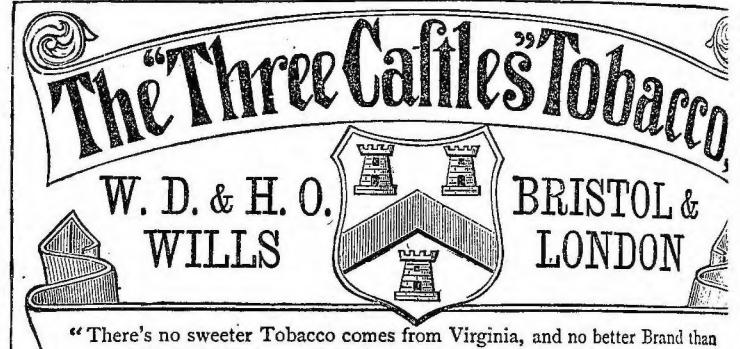
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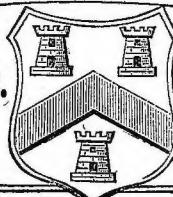
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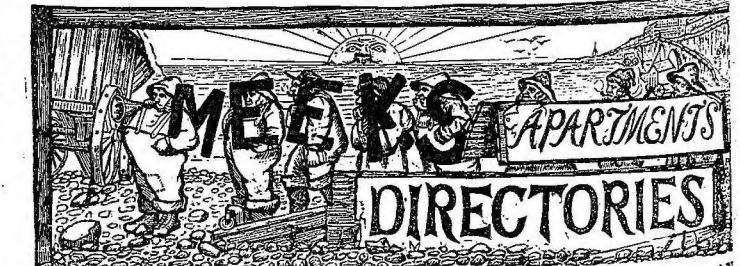
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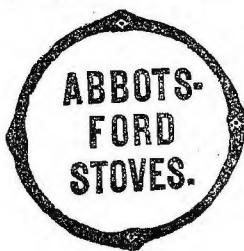
Illustration of a woman holding a tray with food.

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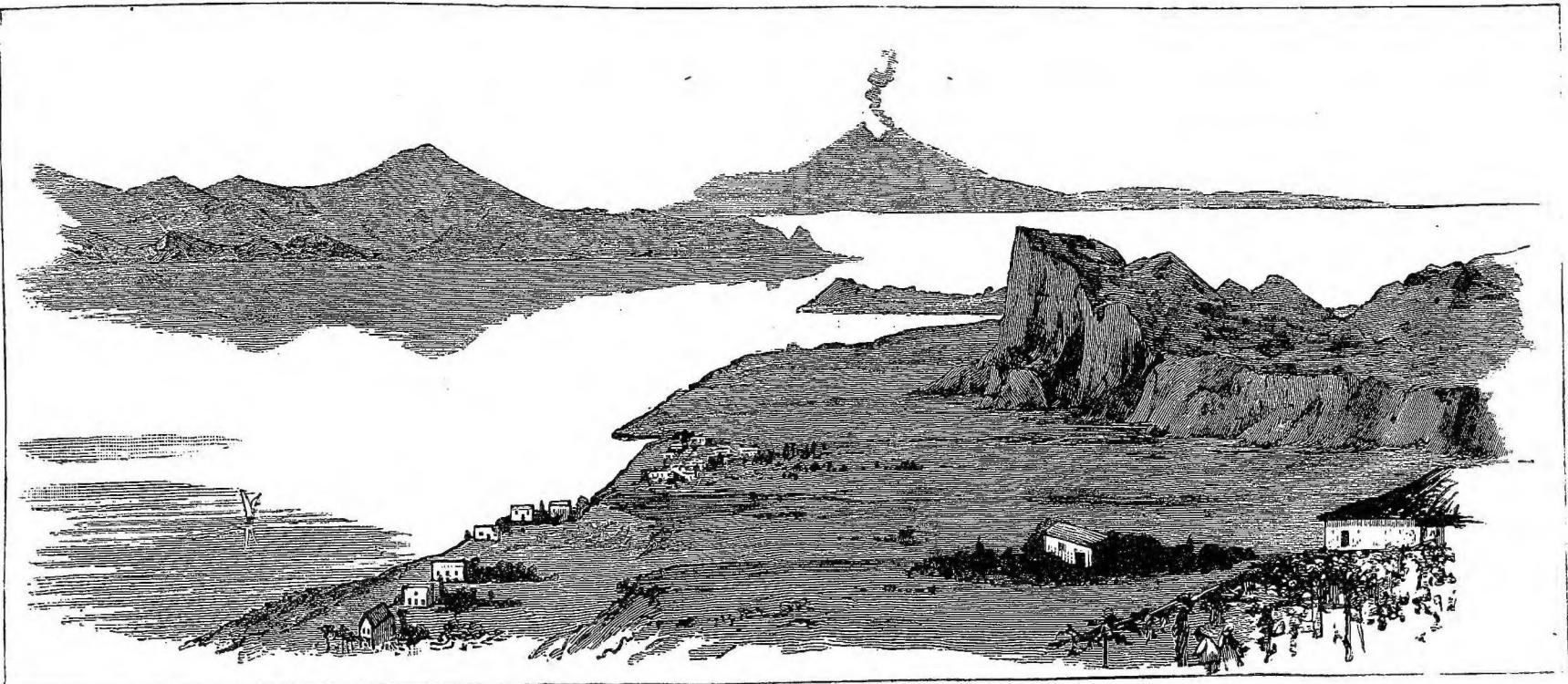
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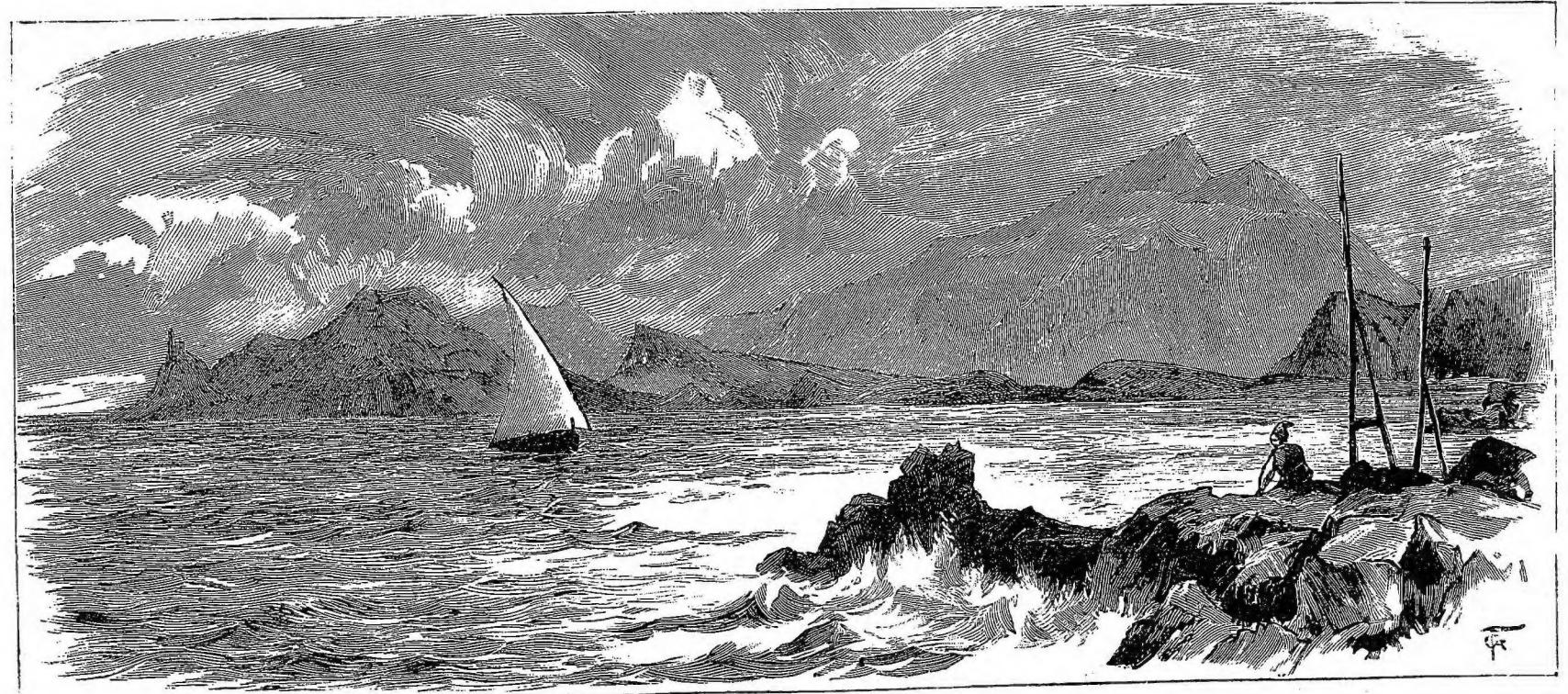
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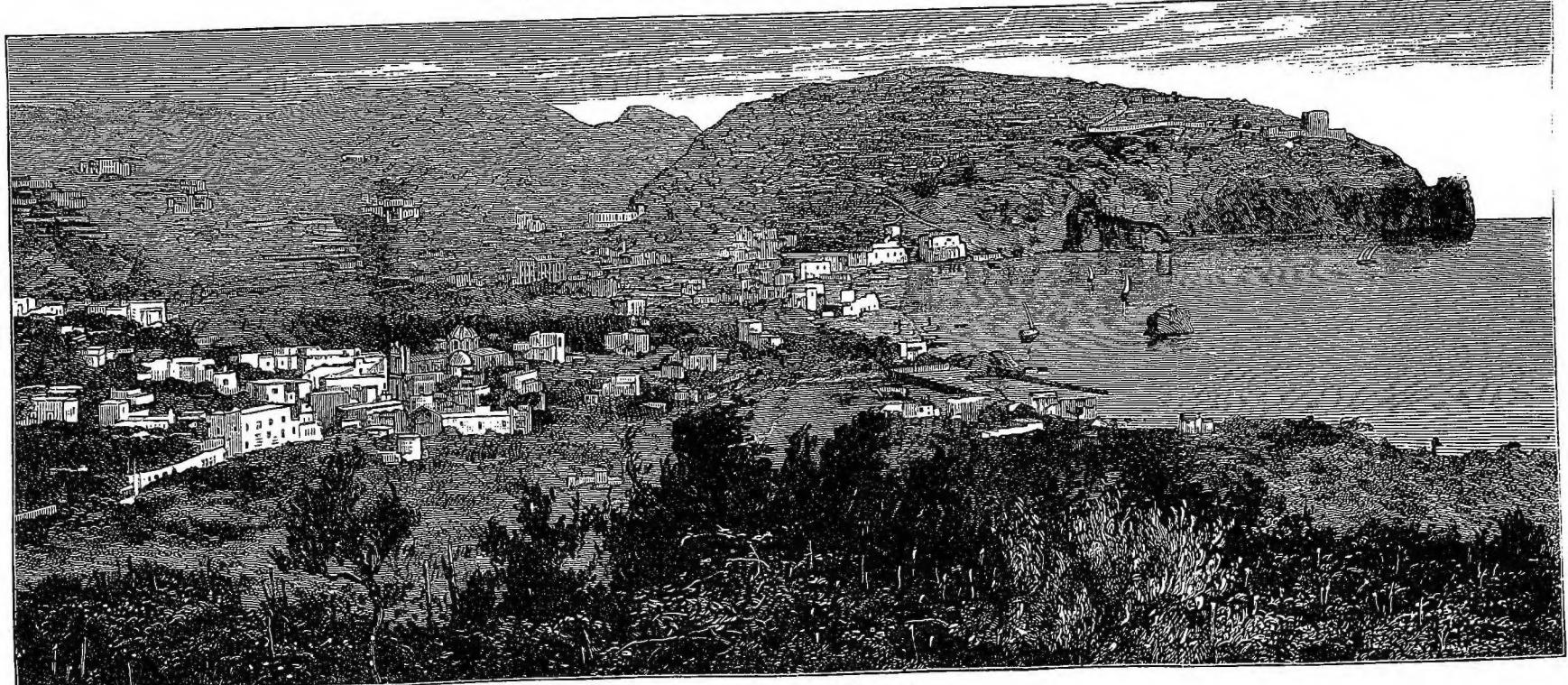
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GENERAL VIEW OF ISCHIA AND THE BAY

THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA



THE SUEZ CANAL DEBATE.—Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was so broad that, as Mr. Gladstone said, any one might agree with it; for no champion of M. de Lesseps, however ardent, claims the monopoly of the right to make canals between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The Lesseps claim is limited to the Isthmus of Suez. However, Sir Stafford's motion served as a convenient peg on which to hang a discussion, and the discussion which resulted was, on the whole, satisfactory. It was rather tame, because every one knew beforehand that Mr. Norwood's amendment, recommending the House to maintain an attitude of absolute neutrality, would be preferred to Sir Stafford's vague and rather meaningless denunciation of the De Lesseps monopoly. Still, the discussion was useful, inasmuch as it indicated the real condition of public opinion on the subject of the Canal. Fuller and more accurate knowledge has caused an almost entire subsidence of the indignation so freely expressed three weeks ago. Then the fact that high legal authorities differ in opinion concerning the validity of M. de Lesseps' concession, at least shows that his claim to possess "exclusive powers" is by no means so monstrous and absurd as it was declared to be. There can be no doubt that the public—at any rate the ship-owning and freight-carrying part of the public—would like to have a Canal big enough for all probable traffic, with reasonable tolls, no vexatious restrictions, and as much as possible under British control. It is conceded on all sides (the actual negotiators perhaps excepted) that the bargaining with M. de Lesseps was very poorly managed. Our men were too timid. They did not sufficiently insist on one fact—which we hope we may venture to mention, without "wounding the susceptibilities of France." This fact is, that at the present time we are the practical masters of Egypt, and M. de Lesseps is well aware that if we chose we could make matters very disagreeable for him and for his Company. The air has now been to some extent cleared. M. de Lesseps and his friends have a more distinct idea than they had some weeks ago of the feelings of this country. The British people, who are already his partners, desire to treat M. de Lesseps honourably and justly, but they wish the Canal to be something better than a mismanaged and exorbitant French ditch. If the Government will bear this in mind they may reasonably hope before long to make a fresh arrangement, which will be more satisfactory to British sentiment than the last, and which at the same time will be acceptable to the existing Canal Company. We should, however, be more sanguine of success if our Premier had rather more of the John Bull in him. In international disputes his conscientiousness is apt to make him believe that England is probably the defaulter. We commend to his attention the patriotic American motto: "Our country, right or wrong."

RADICALS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—When the Agricultural Holdings Bill was introduced, many opponents of the Government confidently foretold that in Committee important concessions would be made to the extreme Radicals. This prediction has not been verified. Mr. Dodson showed a strong disposition to consider fairly any reasonable amendment; but at the outset he proclaimed his intention of maintaining the principle of the measure, and he has kept his word. Hence the Radicals are as much disappointed with the result of the deliberations of Parliament on the subject as the Conservatives are pleased. We are bound, of course, to assume that the Bill, as it stands, represents the convictions of the majority of the Cabinet; but, if we may judge by experience, Ministers would probably not have hesitated to set aside their own opinions if they had thought that, by doing so, they would have improved their position. They are apparently beginning to see that, after all, the Radicals are not the only Liberals whose wishes they must consult. In 1880 Radicalism seemed to have definitely triumphed; but every important success of the Government has been accomplished in spite of Radical opposition. Ireland is now comparatively quiet, and this is due far less to the Land Act than to the Crimes Act. Our hold over Egypt was acquired by a war of which even now Sir Wilfrid Lawson cannot speak without horror. On the other hand, in South Africa, where a Radical policy has been pursued with some approach to consistency, the Government has reaped only trouble and vexation. All this has produced some effect on the Ministry; and we may expect that, during the remaining part of the term of the present Parliament, Moderate Liberals will receive at least as much consideration as their advanced allies. If this anticipation be realised, we do not believe that it will damage the prospects of the Liberal party. Radicals succeed in attracting much attention to themselves; but there is no evidence that in the country they form the most powerful section of Mr. Gladstone's supporters.

A NEW RELIGION.—"How are you developing your astral?" "I trust we may meet in Devachan;" "You go to Avitchi, you abominable impostor," are among the pious or the comminatory expressions which may now be commonly heard in advanced religious society. The fact is, that a frivolous and sceptical society, which hears a good deal about Science and her assaults on the old creeds, is sure to want a

new religion. Positivism has been tried, and, whether adequate or not, is certainly not popular. Spiritualism had no particular doctrine, as all the spirits who rapped on tables had different ideas. Neo-Buddhism is therefore warmly welcomed by amateur "Theosophists," as they call themselves. Neo-Buddhism is partly inculcated in "Mr. Isaacs," the American novel about India, and is also taught by oral traditions and in various handbooks. Devachan is the Heaven of this Buddhism; Avitchi is the "other place." The "astral body" is an apparition of the living body, which the Buddhist expert can send about from place to place, while he stays quietly at home. *Kama loca* is the place where the astral body goes when the physical body is dead. We are each of us to outdo the proverbial cat in vitality, and enjoy eight hundred lives apiece—"a large order." We belong to the fifth race of men, counting downwards from the missing link. It is all very ingenious and attractive, but, as a religion, has one fatal defect, which the reader may discover for himself.

JAMES CAREY.—It is natural enough that Irish Irreconcileables should gloat over the vengeance which has overtaken the chief approver at the Phoenix Park trials; but we cannot understand how loyal citizens can express similar sentiments. Yet, "the world was well rid of such a miscreant" was not an uncommon expression when the news of Carey's murder was flashed from South Africa. We may admit everything which can be alleged against Carey's moral character; yet the fact remains that but for him, or one of his accomplices (in which latter case the odium would simply have been shifted on to another person), the barbarous murders of Cavendish and Burke would, in all probability, have remained unavenged for lack of direct evidence. Loyal citizens, therefore, should not discourage approvers by rejoicing when they are murdered. An approver is almost certain to be a wretch; but what is it that makes the approver? Why, the crime which he and his fellow-prisoners have committed. The fate which has befallen Carey, who, even if he had survived, would have led the life of a Cain, ought to act as a warning to ardent Irish patriots against joining secret societies. Agitate for Home Rule, agitate for entire independence, we say, as much as you please; but do it openly. Once enter a secret society, and you become the slave of other men, who usually take good care to keep their own skins out of danger, and whose interest in the association is as often as not pecuniary rather than patriotic. Yet, at the bidding of such despicable creatures as these men often are, you may be summoned from your honest work, and sent forth (across the Atlantic, perhaps) to commit outrage and murder. Carey's death suggests another reflection of a different kind. He seems to have been a troublesome fellow to manage—a mixture of braggadocio and cowardice; and possibly he helped on his own fate. Otherwise it would seem as if the authorities managed very clumsily in their attempts to conceal the identity of the Carey family. Surely it would have been wiser to send out Carey alone, and, presuming that his obstinacy would have consented to such a prudent course, to have allowed no direct communication between himself and his wife for a long time afterwards.

PRINCE BISMARCK.—At the railway station of Göttingen the other day Prince Bismarck was received with extraordinary enthusiasm by a number of German students. The feeling they displayed towards him is that of the vast majority of the German people; and it is not at all surprising that he maintains his popularity, when we read of the way in which he went about among the young men, joking with them about the scars on their faces, and showing as lively a sympathy with their rather rough amusements as if he were one of themselves. Prince Bismarck is not one of those persons who, in high office, assume the air of beings who belong to an order of things very different from that of this humble planet. If anybody tries to thwart him, he can be vehement, passionate, despotic; but he is always thoroughly "human." Some time ago the German newspapers printed a letter addressed by him to an old servant who emigrated many years ago to the United States. In this letter there was no condescension: it was simply an expression of hearty goodwill, with a touch of gossip which must have delighted his correspondent. Incidents of this kind, in which there is not the faintest trace of affectation, secure for the mighty Chancellor something more than reverence. They attach the nation to him as one whom it can understand and like. With all his popularity, however, he must know that his position as a statesman is very far from being perfectly satisfactory. He has driven from Parliament almost every really eminent politician; and no party has absolute confidence in his domestic policy. Conservatives watch with dread the manifestations of his Socialistic tendency; Catholics, although pleased by their recent triumphs, think that he still persecutes their Church; and Liberals complain that he is rapidly making the representative institutions of the country impotent and ridiculous. As long as he remains in power there will probably be no serious political trouble in Germany; but there are many signs that of all his creations the German Empire alone will survive him. His system of government could be continued only by a statesman who possessed his genius, his fame, and his strength of character.

SPARROWS.—The people and Legislature of Philadelphia are in great concern about a recent immigrant or invader, the British sparrow. Just as some nefarious person intro-

duced the American weed to stop English rivers, just as rabbits have been taken out to make New Zealand desolate, so the acclimatisation of the English sparrow is ruining the United States. When complaints were first made of the pugnacity, shrillness, and general bad character of the imported sparrow, we thought the Americans were suffering in the sacred cause of sentiment. They are so attached to things English, we fancied, that they have imported the sparrow to make the new more like the old country. We imagined all the minor poets of the Northern Continent singing variations on *passer, delicia meæ pueræ!* But, after all, the Americans had a better reason than sentiment for acclimatising Mr. Spadger. They fancied he would kill off certain disagreeable insects with which the woods are much troubled. On the other hand, the sparrow drives away the tuneful native birds, and fills earth and air with his shrill intolerable "cheep." One American writer says the sparrow, like the fox, is preserved in England by the *noblesse*, who love "sparrow pot-pie." He might as well say we revel in potted fox. But in their war with the impudent sparrow the Americans deserve all our sympathy.

THE COBDEN CLUB AND FREE TRADE.—The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report, congratulated the members on its satisfactory nature. This is what we read concerning the meeting of the Cobden Club last Saturday. Mr. T. B. Potter and his friends are satisfied with very small mercies compared with the anticipations of their founder. Richard Cobden confidently believed that before long Free Trade would be the economic creed of the civilised world. As a point of fact Free Trade has nowhere taken root kindly except in Great Britain, and it has been popular here because the Corn Laws were regarded as a class privilege, beneficial to landlords only. The progress of Free Trade, which the Cobden Clubmen find so "satisfactory," has been during the past year of rather a microscopic character. That the Americans should have taken about twelve per cent. off their exorbitant duties sounds encouraging, but it is really due, not to the growth of a Free Trade feeling, but to a desire to lessen the revenue, which (happy Americans!) was actually greater than was wanted, and was being wasted in jobbery. The Committee are forced to admit that our self-governing colonies are as sternly Protectionist as ever, and all they have to allege on the other side is that there are some faint stirrings in the direction of Free Trade in some of the Continental countries. It is to be feared that the Cobden Club will have to issue a good many more reports of this "satisfactory" character. Free Trade is an excellent thing, but it will never be accepted on its merits alone by such jealous narrow-minded self-seeking creatures as are the mass of human beings. Free Trade suits the interests of England because we cannot grow as much food as we want, and because, keeping as we do a big workshop, we want all our raw materials cheap. Under similar conditions, other nations also will adopt Free Trade.

CITY CHURCHES.—During the present week there has been some correspondence in the *Times* about "City Churches"—a subject which seems to have an extraordinary fascination for a certain class of "reformers." These enthusiasts collect formidable statistics about the small congregations which attend churches in the City on Sunday; and their inference is that many of the buildings should be pulled down, and that the endowments should be used in the erection of churches where religious services are supposed to be more urgently needed. Statistics are always, however, rather apt to be turned against those who appeal to them in argument; and Mr. Fillingham has shown that in the present case they are not altogether on the side of the advocates of change. The experiment which has been already made has been by no means brilliantly successful. Of the churches which have been built from the proceeds of the demolition and sale of City churches, one of the most popular is St. Paul's, Goswell Road; and in a population of 6,417 it musters at the ordinary morning service a congregation of only 100. At All Hallows, Bromley-by-Bow, with a population of 12,000, the usual congregation is eighty; and at St. Mary, Hoxton, with a population of 9,000, it is twenty. On the other hand, although City churches are scantly attended on Sunday, those of them which are opened at convenient hours on week days, such as St. Margaret Pattens, St. Edmund's, Lombard Street, and St. Margaret's, Lothbury, "are crowded by business men." Surely this latter fact indicates the true use of these institutions. If business men desire to have the advantage of religious service on week days, it would be far better to gratify their wish than to destroy beautiful buildings for the purpose of raising others in neighbourhoods where they do not appear to be really wanted. We would suggest that, like the churches in most Continental towns and districts, the City churches should be open all day. Many a passer-by would be delighted to take refuge in them for a few minutes from the bustle and noise of the streets.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN CORNWALL.—Doubtless the figures in the division list in the House of Lords on Monday faithfully reflect the division of public opinion on this subject. There were thirty-eight for and thirty-eight against. These numbers precisely represent our own sentiments, but as we were rather pleased that the Lord Chancellor gave his casting vote in favour of rejection, we presume that our leaning is towards liberty rather than towards restraint—that,

with the Bishop of Peterborough, we would rather see England free and drunken than sober and enslaved. One reason why the public mind is kept in such a state of oscillation about Sunday Closing is that it is so difficult to get at the truth. Facts are apparently to be had to order in any quantity to suit opposing theories. The Irish and Scotch Sunday Closing Acts have caused a great increase (decrease) in perjury and drunkenness. An overwhelming majority of the Cornish people are (not) in favour of the proposed Bill. Who shall decide amid such contradictions? If we could be sure that the mass of the Cornish people really wanted the Bill, we should say let them have it, despite the inconvenience it may cause, but then those who know how the signatures to parliamentary petitions are obtained will hesitate to believe that this imposing array of names necessarily expresses the will of the Cornish people. Meanwhile a practical suggestion. Are not petitions altogether rather an obsolete device, and unworthy the dignity of citizens who make and unmake Parliaments? Why should we not, instead, in cases of this sort, where it is desirable to ascertain the condition of public opinion, take the votes of the community as for a School Board election?

FRANCE AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—It is often said that one who knows only the English language may safely travel in every part of Western Europe. This is flattering to our national vanity; and, so far as great hotels are concerned, there is some foundation for it. The recent experience of Mr. Heine, an American, shows, however, that an Englishman or American who speaks no other language but his own may still get into serious difficulties even in Paris. On Thursday, last week, Mr. Heine, who is in weak health, and walks on crutches, left his hotel to buy cigars. He lost his way, and, not knowing a word of French, vainly appealed to passers-by in English. The result was that, after being "made game of" by French 'Arries, young and old, he was taken to a police station and to the lock-up of the Prefecture of Police, and was finally put into a lunatic asylum as "a dangerous madman." He protested vehemently, but his protests were supposed to be incoherent ravings; and he would soon have found himself in a strait waistcoat if a friend, who had been searching for him everywhere, had not luckily, on Sunday, thought of glancing over the list of asylum inmates. To those Englishmen who are bored by constantly hearing of the superiority of the French, there is something rather consoling in this incident; for backward as England may be, it is inconceivable that a Frenchman in quest of cigars in London could pass through similar adventures. The story marks one of the most curious defects of the French character. Frenchmen are always thinking of what "Europe" will say about them; yet, if we except the most highly-educated class, they take no pains to obtain accurate information even about their nearest neighbours. They are so sure that France is "la grande nation," while the rest of mankind are barbarians, that it would seem to most of them a ridiculous waste of time to learn foreign languages. When the predominance of France was undisputed, no great harm resulted from this excessive patriotism; but in these days, when France has so many eager rivals, it may be dangerous for her to maintain the old exclusiveness. However, it would not do for Englishmen or Americans to lecture the French severely on this particular shortcoming; for the English-speaking race has also a sublime faith in the supremacy of its own tongue. Mr. Heine would have saved himself some trouble, and would have derived considerably more enjoyment from his sojourn in Paris, if, before leaving home, he had devoted some months to the study of a French grammar.

THE MOABITE MANUSCRIPT.—"Always something new out of Africa," said the Romans, and it will soon be a proverb with us that there is always something new from behind the Dead Sea. Since the Moabite Stone was discovered, some twelve years ago, and fluttered all the dovecotes of criticism with a genuine Moabite address (if we remember rightly) to Chemosh, Moab has been the happy hunting ground of Mr. Shapira and other archaeologists. Given a demand and the supply will be forthcoming. There has been a demand for Moabite stones, and the supply of these relics, and of Moabite pottery, has been adequate in quantity, but in quality unsound. Mr. Shapira has now found something richer and more rare than even Job's very own potsherd, or the stone on which Balaam sat when he blessed the hosts of Israel. He has discovered, on several pages of leather, and in Phoenician characters somewhat indistinct, the earliest copy of the Book of Deuteronomy. This, if authentic, is the oldest Biblical manuscript known to exist, and, if not quite so authentic, is almost equally curious as one of the most ingenious and laborious of literary forgeries. But why should the age which has discovered the treasures of Priam and the bones of Agamemnon not unearth the Ark of the Covenant, or Urim and Thummim?

NOTE.—In consequence of the numerous inquiries made at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that APPLICATIONS for ADVERTISEMENTS to be printed upon Sheets entitled INTERLEAFS or LEAFLETS, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of THE GRAPHIC, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.



ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

THE 6th EXHIBITION, which includes a Loan Collection of the Works of the late Vice-President, W. L. LEITCH, will CLOSE AUGUST 6th. Admission from 10 till 6, rs. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Will be open in the evening from 7 to 10 from July 30th to August 6th. Admission 6d.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND.

"HIS ONLY FRIEND." Painted by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. Engraved by LOUIS STEELE
"THE NIGHT WATCH." " J. E. MILLAIS " STACKPOLE
"POMONA." " S. F. LEIGHTON " S. COUSINS
"VIOLA." " G. H. EVERETT
Artists' Proofs of Above nearly all gone.
Prints of the Above, 2s. each; NIGHTWATCH, 4s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE.

completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 DAILY, 1s. each.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN.

Upwards of ONE HUNDRED Subjects from the Bible in Terra Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "THE RELEASE OF BARABBAS," "PREPARING FOR THE CRUCIFIXION," "CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM," and "GOING TO CALVARY."

TINWORTH EXHIBITION ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

Open from 10 till 6. Admission 1s. WILL CLOSE SHORTLY.

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Opposite St. James's Park Station.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TEL EL-KEBIR,

By the Celebrated Painter, Olivier Pichat.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Admission 1s.; Fridays, 2s. 6d.

SEASIDE SEASON—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON	Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
SEAFORD	Trains also from Kensington and Liverpool Street.
EASTBOURNE	Return Tickets from London available for eight days.
ST. LEONARD'S	Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
HASTINGS	Improved Train Services.
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BOGNOR	
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PORTSMOUTH	
SOUTHSEA	Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY (Excepting August 7th, 8th, and 9th).—A CHEAP First Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 2s. 6d.; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Express Train or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 1s., available by these trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at East Croydon.

Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—VIA NEW HAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday, as under:

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.
Aug. 4 . . .	Dep. 7.15 a.m. . .	Dep. 7.30 a.m. . .	Arr. 6.40 p.m.
6	" 7.30 "	" 7.30 "	" 6.40 "
7	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 6.40 "
8	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 7.30 "
9	" 9.10 "	" 9.20 "	" 7.55 "
10	" 9.10 "	" 9.20 "	" 8.28 "

NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES—London to Paris and Back—1st Class, 2s. 6d.; 2nd Class, 1s. 6d.

Available for Return within One Month 1s. 15 0

Third Class Return Ticket by the Night Service, 30s.

The "Normandy" and "Brittany" Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under four hours.

A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—The SUMMER SERVICE of PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON to SCOTLAND is now in operation:—

	WEEK DAYS.					
	A. m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston Station)	dep. 9.15	7.15	10	11	8
Edinburgh	arr. 4.30	5.50	7.50	9.45	6.45
Glasgow	" 4.45	6.0	8.0	10.0	6.55
Greenock	" 5.52	7.15	9	11.42	7.55
Oban	" 9.43	—	—	4.35	12.15
Perth	" 6.50	—	9.35	11.40	8
Dundee	" 7.30	—	10.30	12.50	9
Aberdeen	—	—	3.20	11.49	2.15
Inverness	—	—	8	11.30	6.25

The "HIGHLAND EXPRESS" (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night (Saturday excepted), and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards. THE TRAIN WILL BE RUN SPECIALLY on SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

From the 16th July to the 10th August (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional express train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This train will convey special parties, horses, and carriages.

A Does not run to Oban or Dundee on Sunday mornings.

B Does not run beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow on Sunday mornings.

Day saloons fitted with lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10.0 a.m. down express train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

IMPROVED SLEEPING SALOONS, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, and Perth. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

CALLANDER AND OBAN LINE.

The line from Oban affords the quickest and most comfortable route to the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

For particulars of up train service from Scotland to London, see the Companies' Time Bills.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager,
L. and N. W. Railway,
J. THOMPSON, General Manager,
Caledonian Railway

August, 1883.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SCOTLAND.—The Summer Service of Trains to Scotland by the MIDLAND ROUTE, will be in operation from the 23rd July to 12th October, inclusive (Sunday excepted). The HIGHLAND EXPRESS will leave St. Pancras for Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, &c., at 8 p.m.; and the corresponding Up Train will leave Perth at 7.35, Greenock at 8.30, Glasgow at 10.10, and Edinburgh at 10.30 p.m., arriving at St. Pancras at 8.30 a.m.

The Service of Express Trains from London (St. Pancras) to Scotland from July 23rd will be as follows:—

DOWN TRAINS.—WEEKDAYS.

	AD.	C.	BE.	SUN.
LONDON (St. Pancras)	dep. 5.15	10.35	8.0
Greenock	arr. 5.50	9.40	8.12
Glasgow (St. Enoch)	" 5.57	8.55	7.45
Edinburgh (Waverley)	" 4.32	8.22	5.47
Perth	" 9.20	11.40	8.23
Aberdeen	" 3.20	11.40	2.15
Inverness	" 8.0	11.30	6.25

A—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 8.35 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. B—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 on Saturday nights has no connection with Greenock or Trains north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.

C—Pullman Sleeping Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Perth. D—Pullman Drawing Room Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. E—Pullman Sleeping Cars from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow daily, also to Greenock except on Saturday nights.

The Pullman Cars are well ventilated, fitted with lavatory, &c., and accompanied by a special attendant. Charge for seat in Drawing Room Cars 5s., and for berth in Sleeping Car 8s., in addition to the First Class fare.

The Evening Express leaving London at 9.15 p.m., reaches Greenock time to enable passengers to join the "COLUMBA" or "IONA" steamers for the Highlands. A Through Carriage is run from LONDON to Greenock by this Train, also by the 10.35 a.m. from St. Pancras.

For particulars of Up Train Service from Scotland to London see Time Tables issued by the Company.

JOHN NOBLE,
General Manager, Midland Railway.

Derby, July, 1883.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, printed in Colours, entitled "SKETCHES ON HORSEBACK," drawn by J. Charlton.



THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA, ITALY

ISCHIA, an island which guards the northern entrance of the Bay of Naples, was colonised by the Greeks, but abandoned by them in consequence of the frequent eruptions of Monte Epomeo. This mountain, at the foot of which lies the town of Forio, has been quiescent since the year 1301.

Casamicciola, another of the island towns, is famed for its mineral baths, and has been for years a favourite holiday resort during the summer season. It stands high, and commands a superb prospect of the sea and purple mountains, including the ever-restless Vesuvius.

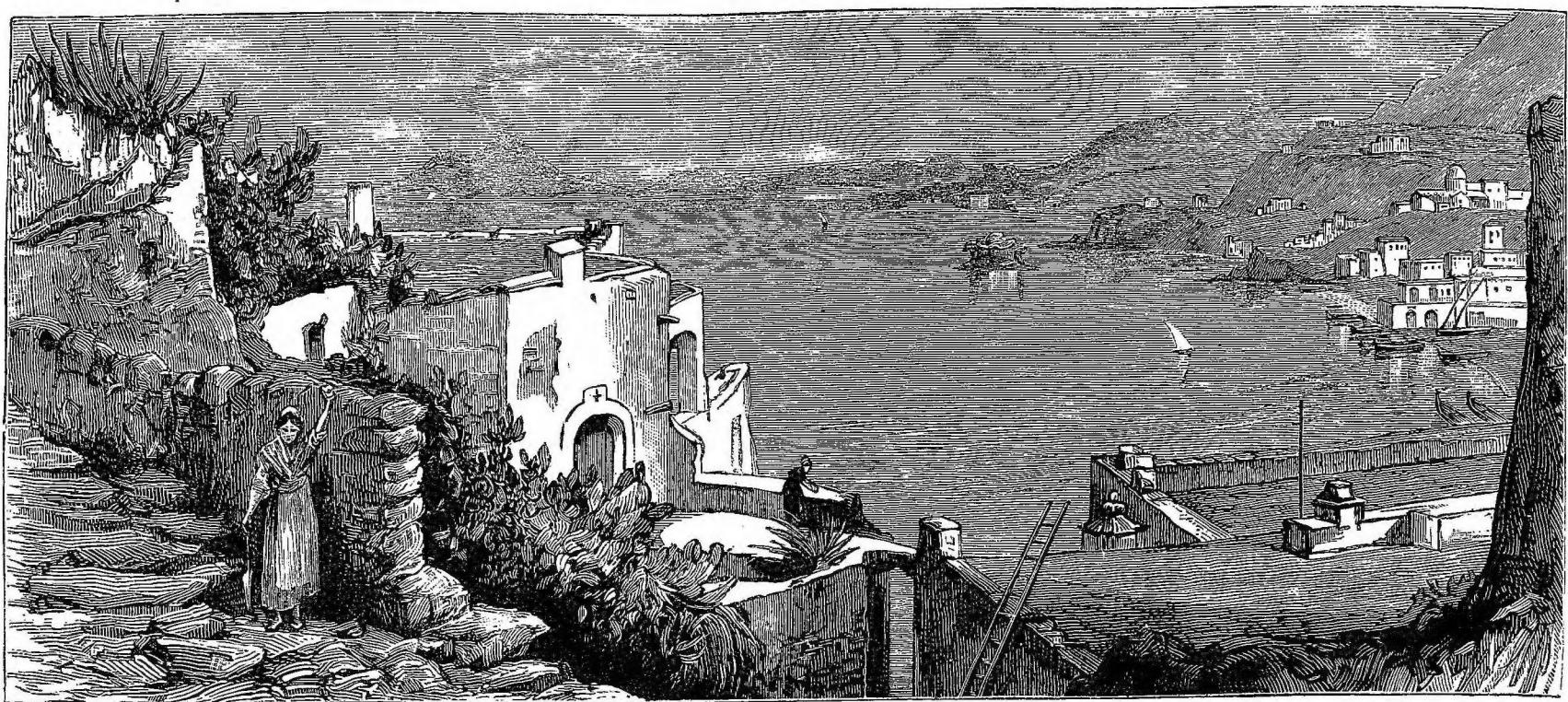
On March 4th, 1881, a terrible shock of earthquake was experienced at Casamicciola. It lasted seven seconds, threw down 449 houses, and destroyed 116 human lives. In giving an account of the incident we remarked, "It is to be feared that Casamicciola will be ruined for the ensuing season, as people will be afraid to visit it after such a disaster."

Since then upwards of two years have passed away, and the light-hearted Italians had probably relegated the earthquake and its attendant horrors to the limbo of things past and forgotten. On Saturday last Ischia was full of visitors, including members of Parliament, the families of the Roman nobility, and leading citizens of Rome; indeed, there were about 1,500 visitors in the island for the bathing season. The weather for some days had been magnificent.

Let us take an individual instance of what followed. A Roman Prince and his son were staying at a hotel. At 9.30 P.M. last Saturday the Prince was playing cards with a party of friends. His son was at the window, sketching the lovely moonlight scene outside. Suddenly the table was overturned, the falling lamp set fire to the carpets, and the young man exclaimed, "An earthquake! Save yourselves!" A second shock followed. The walls of the hotel rocked and opened, but the party managed to reach the door, and rushed outside the house amid clouds of sulphurous smoke. They remained among the ruins till daybreak.

Meanwhile similar scenes, with the sad difference that in few cases did the victims escape death or mutilation, were being enacted all over the island. The earthquake shock lasted fifteen seconds. Casamicciola was reduced to a heap of ruins. Only five houses remain standing in a street near the sea. The number of killed is declared to be over 5,000, while at least 1,000 more are injured. Fortunately some 1,500 persons were in the temporary summer theatre, which, being built of wood, burst open at the shock, and allowed most of the terrified audience to escape unhurt. Not a moment was to be lost, for the overthrown lamps had set the woodwork on fire.

The shock is said to have come with a sudden, irresistible violence, accompanied by a deafening, indescribable noise. Next



THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA — THE BEACH AND TOWN OF CASAMICCIOLA FROM THE VILLAGE OF LACCO



MR. ARCHIBALD ROSS COLQUHOUN
Explorer of the South China Borderlands, and Author of
"Across Chrysé."



JAMES CAREY, EX-TOWN-COUNCILLOR OF DUBLIN
Organiser of the Phoenix Park Murders, and Approver. Murdered
on Board the "Melrose Castle" at Port Elizabeth, July 29, 1883.



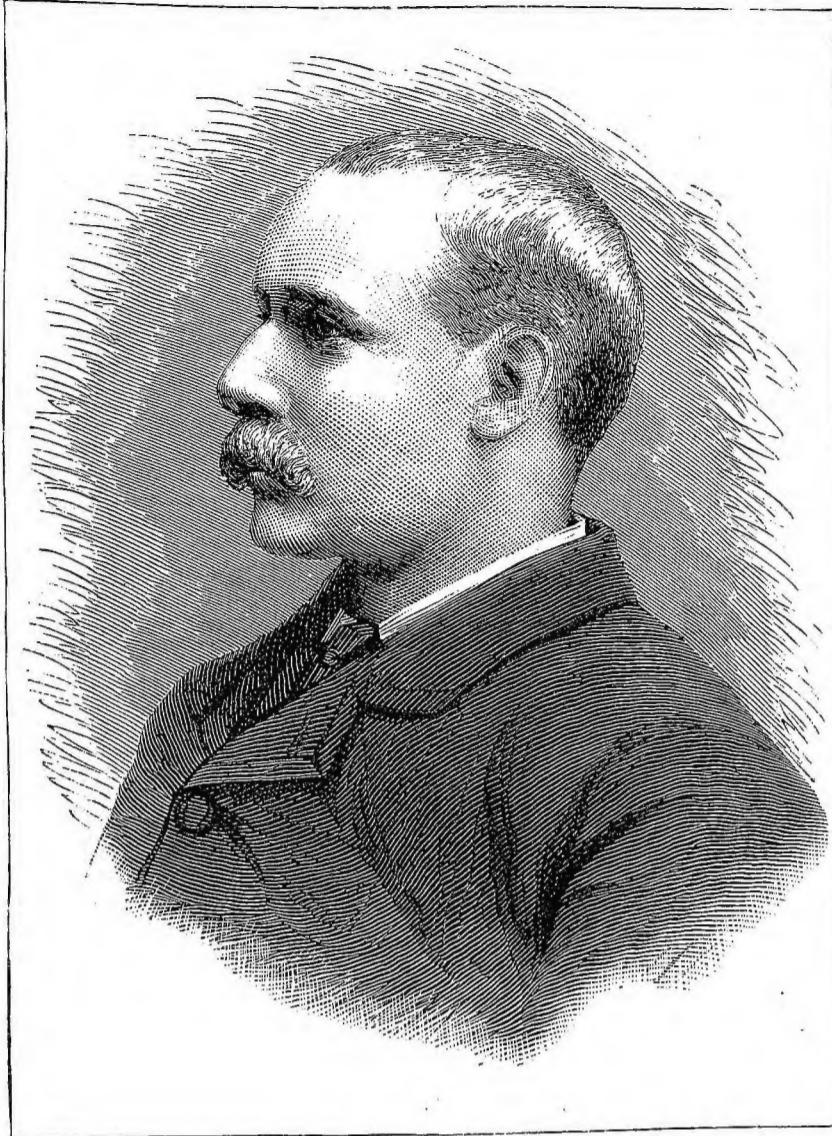
MR. ALDERMAN ROE, J.P.
New M.P. for Derby



THE ASSASSINATION OF JAMES CAREY — HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE DOCK AS APPROVER AT KILMAINHAM
COURT HOUSE, FEB. 17, 1883

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB,

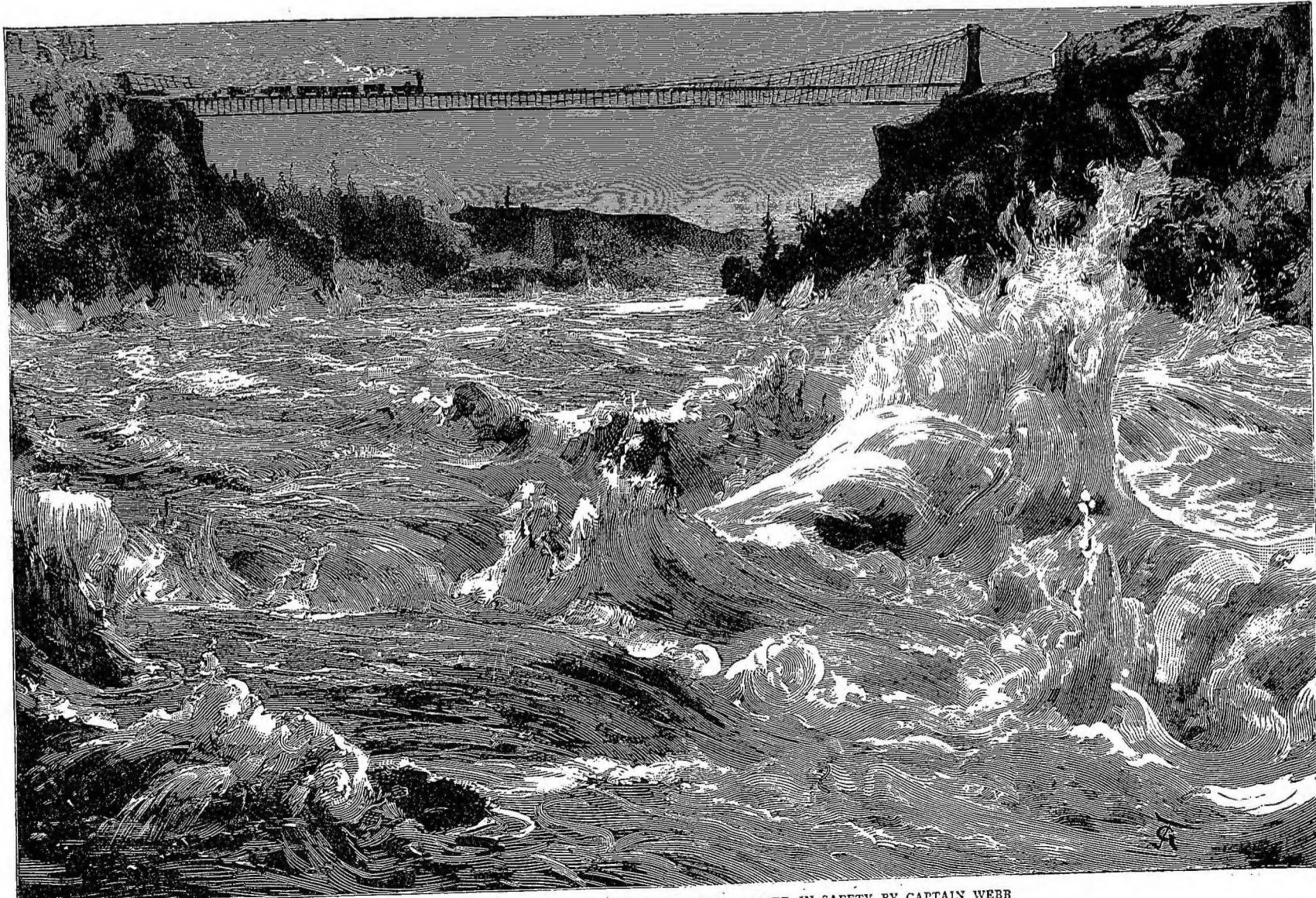
WHO was drowned on July 24th in attempting to swim through the whirlpool and rapids at the foot of the Falls of Niagara, was born at Irongate, near Dawley, in Shropshire, January 18th, 1848. He was five feet eight inches in height, measured 43 inches round the chest, and weighed about 14½ stone. He learnt to swim when about seven years old, and was trained as a sailor on board the *Convey* training-ship in the Mersey, where he saved the life of a fellow seaman. In 1870 he dived under his ship in the Suez Canal and cleared a foul hawser; and, on April 23rd, 1873, when serving on board the Cunard steamer *Russia*, he jumped overboard to save the life of a hand who had fallen from aloft, but failed, and it was an hour before he was picked up almost exhausted. For this he received a gold and other medals. He became captain of a merchant ship, but soon after he relinquished the sea and devoted himself to the sport of swimming. At long-distance swimming in salt water he was *facile princeps*, but he did not show to such advantage in fresh water. In June, 1874, he swam from Dover to the North-East Varne Buoy, a distance of 11 statute miles. On July 3rd, 1875, he swam from Blackwall Pier to Gravesend Town Pier, nearly 18 statute miles, in 4 hours 52 minutes. On the 19th of the same month he swam from Dover to Ramsgate, 19½ statute miles, in 8 hours 45 minutes. On August 12th, 1875, he tried to cross from England to France, and although he failed, owing to the heavy sea, he compassed the distance from Dover to the South Sand Head, 15½ statute miles, in 6 hours 48 minutes. On the 24th of the same month he made another attempt, which rendered his name famous all over the English-speaking world. Starting from Dover, he reached the French coast at Calais, after being immersed in the water for 21 hours 44 minutes. He had swum over 39 miles, or, according to another calculation, 45½ miles, without having touched a boat or artificial support of any kind. Subsequently he swam at the Lambeth Baths, and the Westminster Aquarium, and last year, at Boston, U.S., he remained in a tank nearly 128½ hours. Latterly he had suffered from congestion of



MATTHEW WEBB

Born Jan. 18, 1848; Drowned while Attempting to Swim the Niagara Rapids, July 24, 1883

the lungs, and his health had become much impaired. The story of his final and fatal effort needs here but a brief description. At two minutes past 4, on July 24th, Webb dived from the boat opposite the Maid of the Mist landing, and, amid the shouts and applause of the crowd, struck the water. He swam leisurely down the river, but made good progress. He passed along the rapids at a great pace, and six minutes after making the first plunge passed under the Suspension Bridge. Immediately below the bridge the river becomes exceedingly violent, and as the water was clear every movement of Webb could be seen. At one moment he was lifted high on the crest of a wave, and the next he sank into the awful hollow created. As the river became narrower, and still more impetuous, Webb would sometimes be struck by a wave, and for a few moments would sink out of sight. He, however, rose to the surface without apparent effort. But his speed momentarily increased, and he was hurried along at a frightful pace. At length he was swept into the neck of the whirlpool. Rising on the crest of the highest wave, he lifted his hands once, and then was precipitated into the yawning gulf. For one moment his head appeared above the angry waters, but he was motionless, and evidently at the mercy of the waves. He was again drawn under the water, and was seen no more alive. Some days later his body was found four miles below the fatal Rapids. It bore tokens of the fearful violence of the struggle which he had undergone. His bathing-drawers were torn to fragments, and there was a deep wound in his head. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." Captain Webb was married about three years ago, and leaves a widow and two children. It is understood that he risked his life in this last fatal attempt to obtain money for the support of his family.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry. Our engraving of the whirlpool, the spot where Captain Webb was last seen, is from a sketch by Mr. W. S. Friend, who has on view at Mr. Jennings's Fine Art Gallery, 62, Cheapside, upwards of 200 drawings of scenery in Canada and the United States.



THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS BELOW THE NIAGARA FALLS, PASSED IN SAFETY BY CAPTAIN WEBB

naturally execrated by the "patriotic" party. It was felt that if set at liberty publicly his life would not be worth a day's purchase. The Government therefore arranged to send him away secretly. Various rumours were circulated—no doubt to put the ministers of vengeance off the scent; but, as it proved, vainly. He was probably followed the moment he left Dublin. His intending murderer sailed for the Cape by the same steamer, the *Kinfauns Castle*, and, as we relate elsewhere, accomplished his terrible errand on board the *Melrose Castle*, to which vessel Carey and his family had been transferred for the voyage to Port Elizabeth.

MR. ALDERMAN ROE, M.P. FOR DERBY

MR. ROE, now closely verging on his fifty-first year, is the son of the late Mr. Alderman Roe, a large timber merchant in Derby. At an early age he entered his father's office, where, by his intelligence and his assiduity, he quickly became a prominent member of the firm. Before he was twenty-five, he had represented in the Town Council one of the most influential sections of the Borough. He was next chosen by the Corporate body, and passed the Civic Chair, a few years later he was raised to the Aldermanic Bench, and finally was placed on the roll of the Borough Magistracy.

When Mr. M. T. Bass resigned his seat in the House of Commons last May, Mr. Alderman Roe was selected by the Liberal Association of Derby, by almost two ballots to one, to take the vacant place. Mr. Roe has always been ready to promote any scheme for ameliorating the religious, social, sanitary, and intellectual condition of the inhabitants of Derby, and has been a liberal supporter of all classes of friendly societies. As a Freemason, he has passed through several of the more important offices. He has been a member of the local School Board since its formation, is Vice-Chairman and Director of the Commercial Bank, besides holding a host of other positions.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Winter, Derby.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB

See page 113.

THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA

See page 120.

A GREEK PLAY IN A LONDON DRAWING-ROOM

MIDDLE-AGED people can remember a time when, in spite of many meritorious professionals on the public stage, the drama was not fashionable. Gradually we have changed all that. Actors and actresses are lionised, and amateur acting has become a recognised pastime in the most select circles of society. Indeed, it has been feared that by degrees amateurs would swamp professionals altogether; and *Punch* has abounded in jokes about the high-born histrions of the present time. Nor are our fashionable lords and ladies content with the modern drama only; they play the pieces of Robertson and Byron, but they also essay Shakespeare and Sheridan. Nay, they go further back still, and reproduce the theatre of ancient Greece. Such a scene is here depicted. The acting, perhaps, left something to be desired, but the singing was very pretty, and the scenes, though with too great a prevalence of lime-light, exceedingly effective.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT—QUARANTINE AT MARSEILLES

THESE sketches, which are by Capt. M. Martin, R.E., depict some of the minor troubles which are caused by the prevalence of the cholera in Egypt. The Mediterranean natives—probably on account of the vivacity of their temperament—dread the cholera with an intensity of which we phlegmatic Northerners can scarcely form a conception, and then, as they have a firm faith in the old-fashioned practice of quarantining, they enforce that unpleasant penalty whenever any epidemic disease is rife. We English utterly disbelieve and scoff at quarantine, as practised in the Mediterranean harbours. We advocate the careful separation of the sick from the healthy, and the disinfection of materials which may be presumed to be impregnated with the germs of the malady; but to shut up higgledy-piggledy a shipload of healthy persons we regard as both barbarous and mischievous. Imagine, then, the feelings of the unfortunate Anglo-Indian coming home, perhaps on very short leave, and doomed to waste no small portion of it in performing this useless penance. With such swift steamers as can be built nowadays, and the lessened consumption of coals due to recent improvements, the Cape route may yet regain its ancient supremacy, if such vexatious detention is continued.

PARLIAMENTARY LAWN TENNIS

A LAWN TENNIS match was played on the 31st ult., at Prince's Club, Hans Place, Belgravia, between Members of Her Majesty's Government and Members of the Opposition. The Conservative representatives were Lord George Hamilton, Sir William Hart Dyke, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and the Hon. Sydney Herbert, whilst Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Albert Grey, Mr. H. Brand, and Mr. R. T. Reid did battle for the Liberals. There were only about a hundred spectators present. The match between Lord G. Hamilton and the Hon. Sydney Herbert (Opposition), and Messrs. R. T. Reid and H. Brand (Government), was first concluded, and resulted in a very easy victory for the Conservatives, by two sets to love. The match between Sir W. Hart Dyke and Mr. A. J. Balfour (Opposition), and Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Albert Grey (Government) produced a very close contest, and it was not until three sets had been keenly fought that victory rested with the Ministerial representatives. In the first set the Government won the first three games, then the Opposition won three and were level. The Government won two more, and the Opposition again obtained victory, but the crucial test in the tenth game was decided in favour of the Government by four strokes to one, or "game" to fifteen. They thus won the set by six games to four. In the second set the Opposition won two games in succession. Their opponents next made matters "two games all," but subsequently Mr. Balfour and Sir W. Hart Dyke, playing in very fine form, won four games off the reel, and the set by six games to two. In the last set the Government won the first, second, fourth, fifth, seventh, and eighth games, and carried off the set by six games to two. As the Government and the Opposition had each won a rubber, the victors were compelled to contest a "conqueror" to decide the question of superiority. After the decision of the first two matches, instead of adhering to the original programme, according to which the victors were to meet for the purpose of arriving at a final issue, it was determined to play the contest on similar conditions to those governing the Inter-University Lawn Tennis competitions, by which each opposing couple has to meet every other opposing pair. This is the match represented, in our engraving. Consequently Lord G. Hamilton and the Hon. S. Herbert (Opposition), played Messrs. Herbert Gladstone and Albert Grey (Government), and the latter pair won by two sets to love (score six to three and six to four); and Sir W. Hart Dyke and Mr. A. J. Balfour (Opposition) met Messrs. R. T. Reid and H. Brand (Government), and beat them by two sets to love. Score six to five and six to two. Both sides had then won two matches. A shower of rain then stopped further play, and the lawn tennis matches between the Government and the Opposition ended in an uninteresting draw.

SKETCHES ON HORSEBACK

THOUGH we do not love horses after the manner of Hungarians and Arabs, we are essentially a "horsey" nation; and though we

still perpetuate many unreasonable and even cruel customs in the treatment of the "noble animal" both in and out of the stable, there is no people under the sun who can show a horse off to better advantage than we can, or get more solid work out of him. London during the season, and especially about Derby time, and when the Horse Shows are on, is very horsey, all sorts and conditions of men and women being more or less under the influence of hippomania. "The Row," or, to speak more correctly, "The Ladies' Mile," of course is horsey, because horses and their riders there mostly congregate; but there is something about it which always suggests that people do not frequent it so much for exercise sake, as to show themselves, to show their horses, and to look at other people's.

And what a study of horseflesh does "The Row" afford, to say nothing of that of the occupants of "the pigskin!" How glad the poor animals seem to be to get out of their stuffy mews, showing their impatience for a canter as they enter on the scene! But the "Canter Down" is often accelerated into a gallop, to the danger of the hippic assemblage generally, and the delight of attendant grooms, unless they happen to be old family servants inclined to stoutness and shortness of breath. What motley equine gathering it is! The weedy thoroughbred, the weight-carrying hunter, the park hack, the sedate cob, the "Arab steed," not always so gentle and amiable as the poets represent him, the polo pony, and many other breeds and no breeds—all are represented. And so, too, are pretty well all classes of riders. The fair *equestriennes* of course hold the front rank. The Row would lack one of its special features were it not frequented by the ladies; but it must be confessed that sometimes they are too special. A stout "Weight for Age" lady shows to far greater advantage in a roomy armchair than outside a horse. Surely fourteen stone of feminine matter in the saddle does not make a graceful picture; and yet this is a feather-weight compared with what often boldly figures in the Row, and shocks even the most impassive spectators at the rails. A catalogue inclusive of all the marked characters which appear daily in Hyde Park would be a lengthy one; but there are two very familiar ones introduced into our "Sketches on Horseback," namely, the dealer, professional or otherwise, who is on something "For Sale," and with great art makes it move or stand still accordingly; and the rider "Not Used to the Row." The latter is sometimes a veritable young man, or old man, "from the country," who often rides furiously; or a London professional man, parson, doctor, or lawyer, who does not, and seems like a fish out of water, rather nervous, too, and with his trousers well worked up between his ankles and knees.

How different is "A Ride in the Country" to "A Ride in Town!" The one is more or less for show or fashion's sake; the other for pleasure. Not a few country riders are now at the seaside with their own horses, or dependent on hired ones. One or two of our artist's sketches are suggestive of the former, and one or two of the latter. Anyhow, a ride for two or three hours during the day makes a pleasant break in the monotony of seaside existence, and even hired horses at marine resorts are generally very comfortable animals to bestride. They know their work, and the ladies' horses as a rule are very manageable, and have easy paces. Their riders vary very much in their treatment of them, some using them most considerately and some getting all out of them they can. The "merciful man is merciful to his beast," whether his own or hired, and one cannot but commend the rider "Ascending the Hill" on his own legs to ease those of his "gee." The considerate lady, too, is to be commended who will let her animal have a drink at "The Brook." When will riders generally learn that a little refreshing drink by the way never hurts a horse, or renders him less fit to continue his journey, whether it be a fast or slow one? Some horses are "Shy of Water" when it is salt, and terribly nervous of the little breakers on the sea shore. But those that live near the sea should not be so, for wise owners send them for a "paddle" in it every morning, nothing being better than "the briny" for keeping the feet sound. We will finish up with "A Gallop on the Sands." There is sand and sand—some softly-hard and very pleasant for both horse and rider, and some so soft that an animal sinks below his fetlocks at each stride. When the latter is the case, the absence of concussion may be enjoyable enough for the rider, but it is terrible work for the ridden, who often have fearfully long "buckets" at it. Let us hope that these exacting riders err in this matter rather from want of thought than want of heart.

J. J. M.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Noris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 125.

"INVISIBLE GREY" AS A WAR PAINT

Do not let the reader hastily draw the conclusion, as he glances at this picture, that that hard-working and painstaking body of men, our staff of engravers, have for once in their lives dropped asleep, and left their task incomplete. No, it is not thus, though it seems thus. These pictures are intentional. The intention is to have a good-natured fling at those red-hot Army reformers, who are bent on exchanging the time-honoured scarlet uniform of the British Army for dull grey. The object of the change is, of course, a laudable one. It is to make Tommy Atkins a less conspicuous target for the long-range artillery and musketry of modern warfare. Nevertheless no soldier, from the Duke of Cambridge downwards, relishes the new attire. Thereupon steps forward our artist, a most ingenuous gentleman. And he says, "If you must have grey, why not Invisible Grey?" But he proceeds impartially to show that a material which cannot be seen has its inconveniences. *Vide* his sketches. But we hope he will not allow his secret to leak out beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, otherwise, we may have fifty thousand French warriors, clad in these coats of darkness, coming over in detachments by the *Calais-Douvres*, and then quietly seizing London. The Channel Tunnel would be preferable to this.

SHIPPING OSTRICHES FROM CAPE TOWN TO AUSTRALIA

SINCE the failure last August of the Cape Commercial Bank there has been much depression in South Africa. Ostrich-farming, in common with other enterprises, has suffered. Before the crisis a pair of breeding ostriches have been sold for 350/-, now they would not realise 50/-.

The resolution of the Government of South Australia to encourage ostrich-breeding came in very opportunely for the Cape dealers, and one or two cargoes of birds have been shipped for Adelaide. The climate of the two colonies is very similar, and the locality selected for the imported birds (the Musgrave Ranges) resembles in dryness and temperature their native habitat.

The first sketch represents the ostriches bidding farewell to their South African home. "The dear old farm where we were reared, good-bye!"

One of the boxes, while being slung from the cart to the hold, got into a slanting position. This frightened one of the two inmates, a fine cock. He kicked so hard that he burst open the door of his cage, which was, of course, instantly lowered on deck. Fortunately there was there a gentleman who understood how to handle ostriches. He instantly seized him before he could do himself or the bystanders any injury, and after a brief struggle prevailed on him to re-enter his box. When released in the hold

he became quite quiet, and ate his first meal on board ship with a relish.

After being taken out of their boxes the birds are allowed to take a little exercise just to make themselves at home, and are then arranged in wooden kraals, of which there are two hundred on board the vessel. The ostriches are induced to move from one place to another by catching hold of their bodies, and using a little gentle force.

The last sketch represents their first meal on board after a fast of thirty hours. Apple melons were chopped up for them by their "steward," who was to accompany them to Australia. It was curious to see a bird swallow a great lump and then to watch the lump working slowly down the animal's long neck. On the voyage they would be fed with maize or mealies, onions, apple-melons, and barley. They require very little water; however, there were five large iron tanks on board in case they should feel thirsty.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, of Hove Street, Capetown.

ELEPHANTS MOVING TIMBER AT MOULMEIN, BURMAH

"ELEPHANTS," says Mrs. A. H. Brackenbury, of Singapore, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "work in the timber-yards of Moulmein, carrying huge planks, sometimes two or three together, and with great care and exactitude piling them in stacks one over another. The old hands take a side-long view with one eye closed to test the perpendicularity of the stacks. The elephants lift the planks with their proboscis on to their tusks, and then tuck their trunks round the burden, and march majestically off as if they were carrying nothing. A man sits on each elephant's neck to direct him, which he does by kicking, or pressing behind their ears."

"In Africa the elephants are being so persistently slaughtered for the sake of their ivory that they are likely soon to become extinct. Would it be impossible to breed them on farms as ostriches are bred, and then to employ them in 'navvy' work, for which they are probably as well suited (education being supplied) as their Asiatic cousins?

"Moulmein is a very pretty place, and its charms are enhanced by its being out of the beaten track of tourists. It is up a river, and there are many islands, on which are perched the daintiest little gilt and painted Burmese pagodas. The scene recalls the well-known view on the willow-pattern plate of our childhood, which plate has once more become fashionable."



JAMES CAREY—for there is now no doubt that the murdered passenger on board the *Melrose* was he—has not long escaped the weapon of the avenger. A third-class passage had been taken for him in London on the 21st of June, together with his wife and seven children, under the name of Power, in the *Kinfauns Castle* for Port Elizabeth, and on the 30th the murderer O'Donnell booked second-class berths for himself and a woman described as his niece by the same steamer for the Cape. At Cape Town the few passengers for Port Elizabeth were transferred to the *Melrose*, and it was on board this latter vessel, in Algoa Bay, on Sunday last, that the murder was committed. The two—O'Donnell, finding Carey did not land, re-booked at Capetown for Natal—had been drinking together in the cabin, when suddenly O'Donnell shot Carey in the neck, and twice again, as he staggered away, in the back. To the inquiry of Mrs. Carey, who came rushing in from an adjoining room, he simply answered, "I was sent to do it." The murderer gave himself up at once, and is now in custody at Port Elizabeth. In Nationalist circles, where the news has been received with savage exultation, it is averred that the agents of the secret societies never lost sight of Carey and his family from the first, though the authorities believe that his death is due as much to his own reckless imprudence as to the vigilance of the assassins. O'Donnell is said to have joined the Fenians in 1866, and to have held a command at the Battle of Tallaght. After the arrest of the Invincibles, he was sent over from New York as chief of a number of men told off to watch the course of events. Before sailing he told some friends in London that he was going to Africa on an important mission. Effigies of Carey were burned this week in Dublin, Limerick, and other places, and at Claremorris there was a mock wake and funeral procession. In England and Scotland indifference to the approver's fate is mingled with regret that the Government could not give surer protection to its witnesses. In consequence of Carey's bankruptcy, his seat at the Town Council had been previously declared vacant by the highest legal authorities, and it is probable a new election will be held for the return of Dr. Wade, the legality of whose previous election is disputed.

A WAVE of homicidal impulse seems to have passed over Dublin last week, causing four several attempts at murder, of which two, that of a corporal by a private in the same regiment, and of a woman named Cowan by her husband, a house painter, were unfortunately successful.—An influentially signed memorial for Government loans at low rates of interest to distressed landlords, to enable them to pay off encumbrances, was presented on Tuesday to the Premier. No advances, it is said, can now be obtained from private lenders, nor can sales be effected in the Landed Estates' Court, while it is known that many mortgagors are only waiting the first sign of improvement to realise their claims at once.—The Parnell Fund has now attained the respectable total of 20,054.—The tender of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company for the carriage of the Holyhead mails has been accepted by the Government.

THE SOLICITORS TO THE TREASURY have lodged a demurral to Mr. Bradlaugh's statement of claim in the action for an injunction against the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the case was to have been heard in the Divisional Court on Thursday. Enthusiastic meetings in support of Mr. Bradlaugh have been held within the last few days at the St. James's Hall, at Peckham, and other places, and the open-air meeting on Bank Holiday will be attended by delegates from all the chief provincial towns. The final arrangements were to be made on Friday morning.

THE RUMOURS of three fatal cases of Asiatic cholera—in London and in Montgomeryshire—have been declared by Sir C. Dilke to be without foundation. The only cholera at present in the country is of the usual summer type, and so far decidedly below the usual summer average.

DEPUTATIONS AS THE SESSION nears its close must not always look for the blandest of receptions. To two, at least, within the last few days, badgered Ministers have given a decided snubbing. To that which, headed by Sir A. Arbuthnot, waited last Thursday on Lord Kimberley to express their deep "apprehension and concern" at the prospect of Mr. Ilbert's Bill becoming law, the Secretary for India refused plumply to make any surrender of the principle of the Bill. Some discretion in the choice of native magistrates would doubtless be left to the governors of provinces, but there must no longer be any inequality between Covenanted servants, English or native. He marvelled that Sir A. Arbuthnot could base an argument on one or two isolated cases of insolence to English ladies on the part of low-class Indians. Still sharper was

Sir W. Harcourt's lecture to the group who waited on him on Tuesday for help to resist the claims of the great water companies to raise their rates *pari passu* with the rentals. He would help them certainly as far as he could, but Londoners should learn to help themselves. Against a municipal government, which would introduce at once a competing water supply, the companies would be powerless. There was not a little town in England which would make "so humiliating a confession" of weakness. The remedy proposed by the deputation—a compulsory return in the teeth of an Act of Parliament to the rates of 1852—would be a confiscation of the companies' rights.

THE RUMOUR of the immediate retirement of the Speaker of the House of Commons has been authoritatively contradicted. It is, however, understood that Sir H. Brand will not seek re-election after the dissolution of the present Parliament.—Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, will come to London in September to represent the Volksraad in the negotiations about the Convention.—Signor Ignacio Mariscal, the new Envoy from Mexico, will be accompanied by a Secretary and two other officials. The sum voted for the Legation is 22,000 dollars.

A CROWDED MEETING was held at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, in support of Lord Ripon's Indian policy. Mr. Bright, who took the chair, declared that if Mr. Ilbert's Bill were withdrawn the hopes of the people of India would be blasted, and with discontent there would grow up disloyalty, and with disloyalty perils which the opponents of the Bill would hardly like to face. A vote of confidence in Lord Ripon was moved by Mr. W. E. Forster, and seconded by Sir J. Campbell.

A TERRIBLE SCENE was witnessed at Bridgewater in a fire at 2 A.M. last Sunday at the *Mercury* office. There was no fire-escape at hand, and three little daughters of the editor, Mr. Dunsford, were burnt to death, his wife receiving injuries to which she has since succumbed by jumping out of an upper window. Mr. Dunsford, after clinging to the sill for some time, was at last rescued by the aid of a ladder. A fourth daughter and the servant escaped unhurt.—At Peterborough, early on Sunday morning, the staging round the Lanthorn Tower of the Cathedral was discovered to be on fire. No injury was done to the sacred edifice, but the staging, which had taken many weeks to erect, was rendered useless.—At Perth, on the same morning, the train from Edinburgh, while standing at the platform, was run into by an excursion train from Euston—the two rear carriages being partially telescoped, and several passengers severely injured. The driver of the Euston train has been arrested by the Perth police.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW PARCELS POST on Wednesday passed off with wonderfully few hitches. At St. Martin's-le-Grand alone 15,000 to 20,000 parcels had passed through the sorting-office before 6 P.M. Umbrellas "too numerous to count," dried fish, and a small parish coffin were among the more curious of the articles posted. In the provincial towns and in the sister kingdoms the innovation is generally proclaimed a complete success.

THE FUND (7,500.) for the endowment of "the Cavendish Memorial Professorship of Physics" in the Yorkshire College has been fully subscribed. Letters of thanks have been received by the Chairman of the Council from the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Frederick Cavendish.

THE FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the British Medical Association was opened at Liverpool on Tuesday with an address from the new President, Dr. A. T. Waters. The members, who so late as 1866 numbered only 2,300, are now 10,000.

A GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL for long service in the Fire Brigade has been instituted by the Board of Works. The medal is of bronze, to distinguish it from the silver medal for bravery, and will be given to every man who has served in the Brigade for fifteen years with zeal and fidelity.

THE INQUIRY into the loss of the *Daphne* terminated on Tuesday. Sir E. J. Reed will now proceed with the preparation of his report.

THE OBITUARY since our last issue includes the names of General Sir William Fenwick Williams of Kars, "born 1800, died July 26th, 1883"; of General Reed, at eighty-six, a Waterloo veteran, and commander of the troops in the Punjab in 1857; of Mr. Smithies, editor of the *British Workman*; and of Mr. Denis O'Connor, M.P. for Sligo County, for which he has sat since 1868.



SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's resolution on the Suez Canal was, after all, fully debated and divided upon, with results substantially satisfactory to the party against which the hostile movement was directed. That there should up to the last moment have been strong doubt whether the resolution would be moved, is the fullest condemnation of its opportuneness. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that there was a strong belief it would not be put. It had no friends in any part of the House, except perhaps in its birthplace on the Front Opposition bench. It was so maladroitly worded that, as the Premier observed in fixing a day for debate, the Government were quite prepared to accept it, which is certainly poor recommendation for what was originally projected as a vote of censure. Private members on the Conservative side like Baron de Worms tried their hand at improving on the essay of their leader, and various versions of new resolutions were handed round. Sir Stafford Northcote was, however, in an awkward position. There had already been much dalliance with opportunity, which many on the Conservative side angrily said was lost when, ten days earlier, Sir Stafford Northcote had failed to force on a debate by moving the adjournment. The right hon. baronet was something in the position, and much in the ultimate mood, of the man with the donkey, whose perplexities are recorded by Aesop. Whether he let the donkey carry the burden, or whether he carried the burden himself and let the donkey walk, still he was the subject of angry criticism from passers-by. Sir Stafford had vainly sought to gratify the general drift of opinion, and had failed. Now he would go his own way, and he did, with the result that his motion was negatived by a majority of ninety-nine in a House surprisingly full for the last days of July.

The political consequences of Monday's proceedings are grave, and are likely to be exceptionally prolonged. Whatever may be thought of the merits of the Suez Canal scheme, there is no question that its withdrawal left the Government under a cloud. No Government can afford to make the failure confessed in the withdrawal of a scheme once deliberately submitted to Parliament. The amiable presumption is that the Government is infallible, or, at least, that it is more likely to be right than any other body of men. In withdrawing the provisional arrangement the fallibility of the Government was demonstrated and their weakness exposed in the most dangerous place, that is, by division within their own ranks. What Sir S. Northcote did by his resolution on Monday was to close up the Liberal ranks; to show that in the face of the common enemy all minor differences are set aside, and that, where the life of the Government is attacked, it can count upon the full muster of its supporters, including even the most erratic ones. Mr. Norwood, who moved the amendment ultimately accepted by the House, was one of the strongest and most influential opponents of the provi-

sional arrangement. It was seconded by Mr. Palmer, another large shipowner, and supported by Mr. Horace Davey, whose opinion, professionally given against M. de Lesseps' claim of monopoly, has had great weight upon the controversy. Moreover, in the division lobby, voting with Ministers, were men like Mr. Pender, and, *mirabile dictu*, Mr. Joseph Cowen. The division brought about a magnificent vote of confidence given to the Government at the close of the Session—a something to comfort and sustain them throughout the Recess.

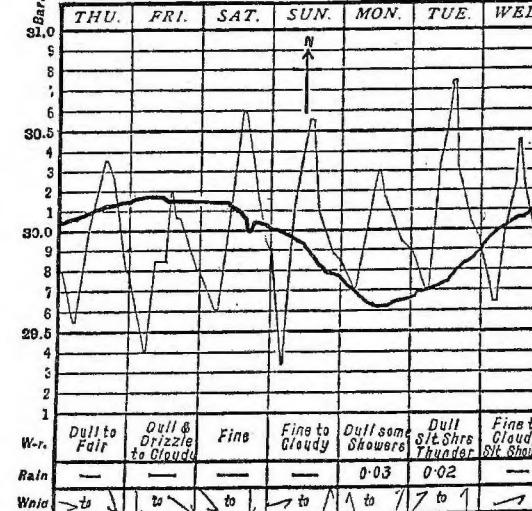
The absorption of Monday for this debate was resented by Ministerialists, as taking away time that might be more profitably employed in furthering the business of the Session. They take a different view now. Apart from that, business has gone on at a fair pace. On Tuesday the English Agricultural Holdings Bill, which has for long been before the House, passed the report stage, and was on Wednesday read a third time and sent on to the Lords, who thus on the 2nd of August practically begin their legislative labours of the year. It is true that they have had one or two small Bills to deal with, the most important being the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. But, possibly owing to access of energy induced by long course of idleness, their lordships went so vigorously to work upon this Bill, and so overloaded it with impossible amendments, that it has had to be abandoned before it reached the Commons. On Monday an effort was made to utilise the Upper House for passing one of the fragmentary Sunday Closing Bills, which the vigilance of Mr. Warton blocks in the other House. It was thought that if the Cornwall Sunday Closing Bill could be got through the Lords a strong case would be made out for an appeal to the Government to furnish facilities for its passing the Commons. The importance of the issue was recognised on both sides. Lord Wemyss, better known to fame as Lord Elcho, undertook the direction of the Opposition, and by diligent whipping up, brought as many as thirty-eight peers to the division. By a rare coincidence, exactly as many voted on the other side. Had the Bishops been as interested in this question as they showed themselves in that of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, they could easily and triumphantly have turned the scale. But only three Bishops, including the Primate, thought it worth while to appear on this occasion, and the Lord Chancellor, following the ordained rule in such cases, gave his casting vote against the measure, which was accordingly thrown out.

The Irish members, who by comparison with former years have notably abstained from interference with the business of the House of Commons, have had their sensibilities aroused by a Bill varying and settling the powers of resident magistrates in Ireland. It happens that this Bill, involving payment of money, is exempt from the tyranny of the half-past twelve rule. If it could be blocked that would be done, and the measure could be forced forward only at the sacrifice of the ordinary business of the sitting. But being a money bill it can be brought on at any time, and of late it has been the melancholy practice of the Chief Secretary to propose consideration of the measure between one and two in the morning, when all other business is wound up, and when, as Mr. Gladstone observed, with reference to the much earlier hour of midnight, all rational men want to get home. Thereupon commences a physical conflict, in which the Irish members pit themselves against the endurance of the few Ministerialists who can be caught and kept in, and the still more pitiful case of the Speaker and the officials of the House, who must needs be in their places, without even the sustaining excitement of the personal conflict. It was nearly four o'clock when the House adjourned on Saturday morning, and close upon five when the drowsy cry of "Who goes home?" echoed through the lobby.

As no lively scenes go forward, little notice is directed to these sittings by the public. On Tuesday morning, just as daylight was breaking, Mr. O'Kelly, after his manner, suddenly exploded, and came in violent conflict with the Speaker. But Sir H. Brand, though he had, with brief interval, been in the chair for fourteen hours, was equal to the occasion, and sternly repressed the irate member, who resumed his seat with a meekness comical by contrast with his fiery demeanour of a few moments earlier. The Irish Members have determined that this Bill shall not pass, and more particularly at this time of the Session they are apt to get their own way. They also promise to make things lively on the Irish Votes in Supply, and will probably be as good as their word. Just as it is useful for the Government at the end of the Session to obtain a vote of confidence, so it is desirable for the Irish Members, in view of the visits to their constituents in the recess, that the last days of the Session shall expire amid the blaze of glory secured for them by keeping up all night from fifty to sixty Saxons.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 26 TO AUGUST 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been some improvement on that of preceding weeks, although far from settled. Cloudy skies have prevailed, with disposition towards showers, and during the latter part thunder. Pressure has been, on the whole, higher than of late. The barometer on Thursday (26th ult.) was high in the west, low in the east, and while the mercury rose slowly in London, fair weather was experienced, with light winds from the north-westward. Friday and Saturday (27th and 28th ult.) found the distribution of pressure but little altered, the weather being, on the whole, fair. Barometric pressure gave way generally on Sunday (29th ult.), but tolerably fine weather prevailed, with light winds from the south-westward. Monday (30th ult.) found the barometer rather lower, and dull weather, with showers and southerly winds, was experienced. On Tuesday (31st ult.) and Wednesday (1st inst.) pressure recovered generally, while weather, comparatively speaking, was fine. Temperature, although higher than of late, has still been low for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Friday (27th ult.); lowest (29.61 inches) on Monday (30th ult.); range, 0.59 inches. Temperature was highest (75°) on Tuesday (31st ult.); lowest (47°) on Sunday (29th ult.); range, 28°. Rain fell on two days. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.03 inch, on Monday (30th ult.).



A LIFE OF THE LATE M. GAMBETTA will shortly be brought out by M. Coquelin, the well-known actor of the Théâtre Français, who was one of the deceased statesman's most intimate friends.

MR. BARNUM'S TWO WHITE ELEPHANTS, which cost him 23,000/- and so much anxiety, have died on the road from Burmah. He has nothing to show for his speculation but the ears, tusks, and trunks of the animals, and the two priests who superintended their removal.

MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND is unusually dangerous this season, owing to the continued bad weather. On the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, and Mont Blanc the snowfall has been unprecedented for the time of year, and some of the glaciers round Zermatt are 6 ft. deep in snow. The first Alpine fatality of the season has occurred, the Italian Professor Mansueli and his guide having been killed in the ascent of Monte Santa Callarina in the Valtelline.

A CHANNEL TRIP ON A FLOATING TRICYCLE has been successfully accomplished by an ex-naval coxswain named Terry. The tricycle is so constructed as to form, when needed, the framework of a boat twelve feet long, three feet nine inches wide, and two feet deep, with a simple tarpaulin covering. The adventurous cyclist crossed on Saturday, aided only by a pair of sculls, and made the passage in eight hours amidst a heavy swell, which caused him to ship a good deal of water on nearing the French coast. He has now gone on to Paris, having accomplished the whole journey from London on his curious machine.

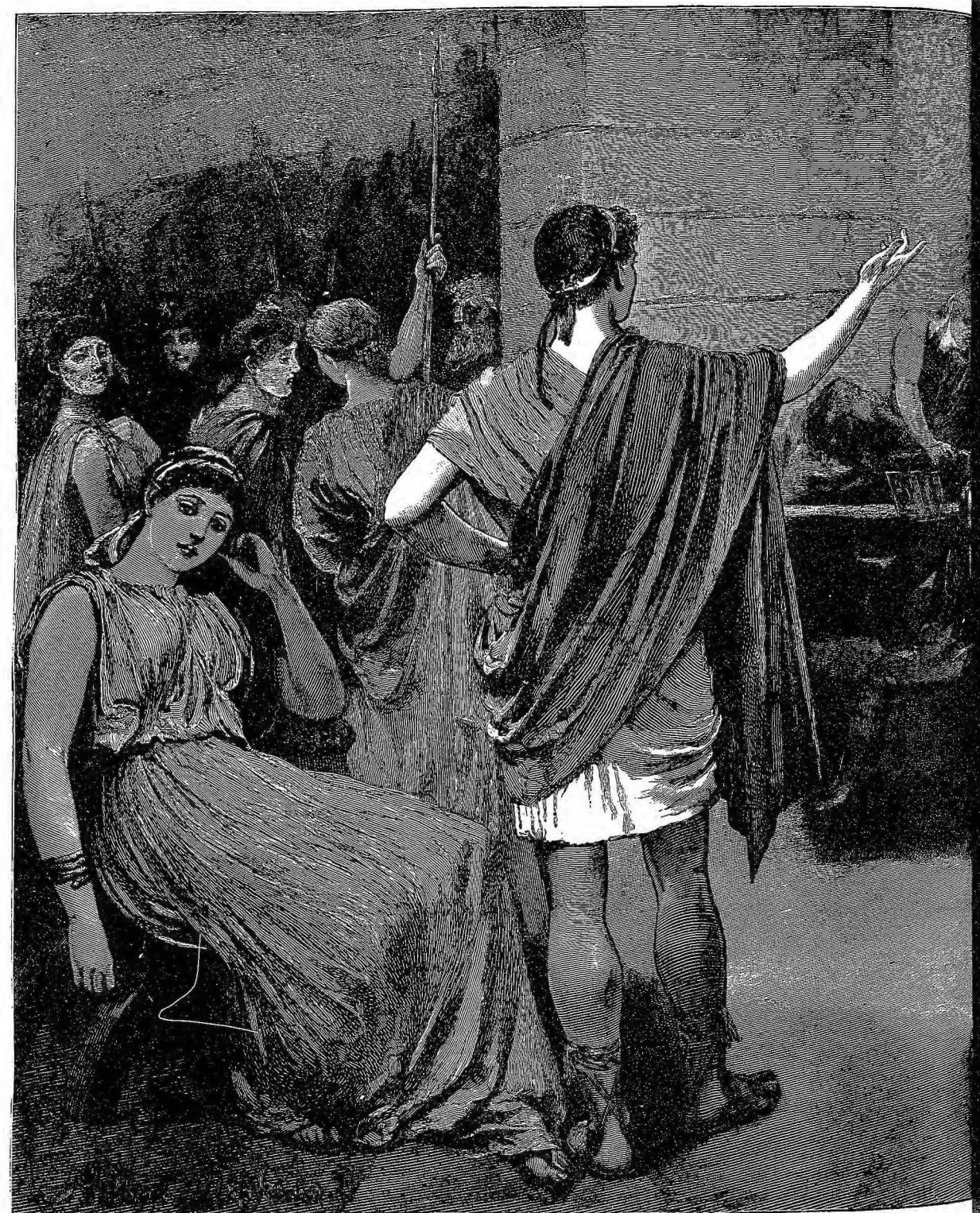
THE ROYAL MINT.—With reference to our statement in the above-named article, that "the only Royal Mint is close to the Tower of London," Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, of the Mint, Birmingham, inform us that they are frequently employed by the Government to strike not only bronze money for this country, but that last year they struck not less than twelve colonial coinages, among which were those of Newfoundland, Canada, Straits Settlements, Mauritius, Hong Kong, Cyprus, and Jamaica. They also state that the presses originally invented by Uhlhorn have been considerably improved by themselves and by Mr. Hill, the chief of the operative department of the Royal Mint.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY's annual three weeks' visit to Gastein, which closes in a few days, has been paid regularly for twenty years, excepting during the wars of 1866 and 1870. The Emperor occupies fifty-four apartments with his suite, and his daily existence follows a uniform routine. Rising at 8.30 he bathes and breakfasts, and at ten o'clock takes an hour's walk on the promenade, returning home to lunch, where his favourite dish of boiled crabs is served daily. State affairs occupy the Emperor till 3 P.M., and, after a short rest, he dines at four o'clock off eight courses. His suite always dine with his Majesty, and any prominent person in Gastein is generally invited, the number never exceeding fifteen. Dinner lasts an hour, coffee and cigars follow, and at six o'clock the Emperor takes an hour's drive. The evening is generally finished at the house of the Adjutant-General—the Solitude—where a number of guests assemble, and music and acting are provided. At 10 P.M. Emperor William goes home to bed.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,605 against 1,781 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 176, and 165 below the average, while the death-rate, which has been steadily increasing for the last six weeks, fell to 21.2 per 1,000. Cooler weather considerably diminished the fatal cases of diarrhoea and dysentery, which fell to 254—a decrease of 97. There were 63 deaths from measles (a decline of 14), 32 from scarlet fever, 29 from whooping-cough (a rise of 1), 13 from diphtheria (a decrease of 8), 13 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 9 from simple cholera (a rise of 2), 6 from small-pox (the first recorded for a fortnight), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, and 1 from typhus. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 161 from 179, and were 27 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths, of which 44 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,631 births registered against 2,559 in the previous return, being 14 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 57.4 deg., and 5.3 deg. below the average.

THE VIENNA ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION opens on the 16th, instead of the 1st inst., as the exhibits have been delayed. The Exhibition promises to be the best yet held, thanks in some measure to its favourable quarters in the huge Rotunda in the Prater, the only building left of the International Exhibition of 1873. This Rotunda will be devoted to the practical application of electricity, and will be splendidly illuminated by arc lights, affording a total amount of 250,000 candle-power, and giving a most picturesque effect to the fountain and flowers in the centre. Galleries open out of the hall, and one of these is fitted up as a theatre, lighted by incandescent lamps, and beautifully decorated, where 300 spectators can be entertained by operettas and ballets. Other galleries illustrate the application of electric light to private houses, and represent apartments for all classes, from artistic interiors for the rich to the poor man's kitchen. There are also an art gallery, a reading-room containing literature devoted to electricity, and the telephone rooms connected with the Opera House. Outside, the building will be illuminated by a garland of strong arc lamps, and several lights on the top of high masts, as in many American cities, while visitors may travel from the Prater in an electric railway, and study elaborate systems of electric signals as they pass to the Exhibition.

THE QUESTION OF HOUSE ACCOMMODATION IN CALCUTTA during the coming Exhibition greatly perplexes Anglo-Indians just now. While the Calcutta authorities are considering how they can best feed and house the numerous visitors expected, and the hotels are taking up every available building, the Government officials obliged to move down from Simla for the winter are at their wits' end to find room for themselves and their families. Even when a house is free the rent is enormous, for a number of native princes are looking about for suitable residences, and are ready to pay any price. Some forty-two princes and chiefs are expected, and though a few will be provided for by the Government, the majority will take their own houses. Meanwhile, the Exhibition works are being pushed forward, but several of the buildings are very backward. Quite recently, nothing could be seen of the machine pavilion but the foundations and a few iron columns, while some of the sheds were run up so hastily that they had to be dismantled and roofed afresh. Further accommodation must also be provided, as every inch of the present space has been allotted, and applications are still pouring in. One of the most interesting features will be the ethnological collection of plaster models illustrating the races of India. Commanding officers of native regiments have been asked to obtain models from the men of different nationalities in their corps, while, when possible, various tribesmen have been sent down to Calcutta for the purpose. All the local governments are anxious to be well represented, Bombay having organised a public subscription to assist poor exhibitors; and Ceylon is the only place where popular interest is sluggish. The Executive Committee of the Exhibition are, however, greatly alarmed at the estimated cost of the prize medals. They propose, therefore, to award merely parchment brevets of excellence, with a certificate entitling recipients to have a medal cast free at the Calcutta Mint if they themselves will provide the metal.



A GREEK PLAY IN A LONDON DRAWING-ROOM



FOREIGN

CHOLERA continues to spread throughout EGYPT, although the virulence of the disease seems to be decreasing. Scarcely one town in Lower Egypt has escaped infection, which has extended to the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and has taken decided hold of Alexandria. It is most difficult to ascertain the true condition of the epidemic, as the official mortality returns are notoriously untrustworthy, while the Arabs themselves further complicate matters by trying to assign the deaths to any cause rather than cholera, dreading the subsequent treatment. Cairo, at least, is in a more satisfactory condition, as though the deaths have only slightly diminished—275 on Wednesday—there is a greater proportion of recoveries. European energy has carried out many of the needful sanitary measures, and a huge cholera camp is to be formed near Mokattam, while the Cairo streets are to be watered with a solution of iron. Even the native officials themselves are working better, arranging disinfectant fires throughout the streets, and burning the poor huts in infected quarters. Still, no British persuasions can overcome one native religious prejudice, which widely increases the danger of infection—the superficial burial of the dead; and the Arabs also vehemently oppose the precaution of burying in lime, which destroys the long lock of hair by which pious Moslems believe they will be raised to Heaven. Medical aid and superintendence are sorely inadequate, and it is difficult to persuade native doctors to come within a reasonable distance of the cholera patients. Happily, there will soon be an improvement in this respect, as since Surgeon-General Hunter's arrival the chief control of this department rests in British hands. At last the Egyptian Medical Administration have acknowledged their impotence, and at Dr. Hunter's suggestion an entirely new system will be established on the lines of the Indian Sanitary Department. The hospital doctors and nurses waiting in readiness in India have, therefore, been summoned to Egypt. In other respects the Ministry refuse to admit their shortcomings, and strenuously deny the assertions of their cruelty at Boulak and of the famine at Mansourah, though the Khédive himself acknowledged the truth of both accusations in a recent interview with the *Times* Alexandria correspondent. Referring to his visit to the cholera hospitals, which created such a favourable impression, Tewfik stated that he went as an example to his subjects, and that he was astounded at the comfortable arrangements made by the English.

Although the majority of the British troops have been transferred to healthy quarters, and scattered about in smaller camps, the forces have suffered seriously, not only round Cairo, but at Suez and Ismailia. Over eighty deaths are recorded. When a case occurs in the barracks, the men are immediately removed under canvas, and the arrangements against infection, and for the comfort of patients in hospital, are said to be excellent. None of the European troops at Alexandria have yet been attacked, the cholera there being confined to the natives, but the officers are ready to move the men to a camp outside the gates in case of need. Alexandria is more disposed to take precautions than most Egyptian towns, and the Sanitary Commission have done good work. Four cholera deaths only were officially announced in the city on Tuesday, but eight others were reported from private sources, while the rate of mortality is very high in neighbouring small towns, where little help and few remedies are forthcoming. The latest report of the total deaths from the epidemic puts the number at 11,600, of which 4,500 have occurred in Cairo and the suburbs, and amongst the refugees from the capital.

Some few cholera cases are reported from other countries, and though the rumours are generally unfounded, it seems evident that two cases have occurred in the Smyrna lazaretto, one terminating fatally. Moreover, a Messageries steamer reaching Marseilles from Alexandria reports two deaths on board. France was greatly alarmed by the rumour of cholera deaths in England, and some excited journals even proposed to put all British vessels in quarantine. The Public Health Committee in Paris, however, take a calmer view, and declare that the disease could be kept out of the country, even if it gained footing in England. One Gallic organ prophesies that "France, after allowing England to take Egypt, may receive from both the cholera—a bitter recompense."

Indeed, FRANCE has by no means abated her spite towards England, and continues to rate her neighbour soundly concerning the Suez Canal in particular. Unstinted praise is still awarded to Mr. Gladstone, and the Press are delighted with the result of Monday's debate in the House of Commons. M. de Lesseps himself gave the English a sly hit when criticising a historical work he presented to the Académie des Sciences, declaring that ever since the early Asiatic emigration "there has been in England a substratum of Phoenicians or Asiatics whose mercantile impatience and exaggerations, with a certain disregard of equity, are manifested from time to time." He will probably state his views at the monthly financial meeting of the Canal Company, which takes place next week, and meanwhile has been conferring with M. Jules Ferry about the proposed inland sea in Algeria.

Great satisfaction is felt in France that the French troops in Tonkin have at last scored a victory. The garrison at Nam Dinh have made a successful sortie and routed the enemy with considerable loss, at small cost to their own force, so that it is hoped that the French Commander-in-Chief will now follow up this success. Further news is eagerly awaited, as some 35,000 Chinese troops are concentrated on the frontier, and may take the opportunity to interfere. Lately the Chinese have greatly improved both in discipline and armament, and this force is watched suspiciously, notwithstanding the Chinese Military Attaché's assurance to M. Challemel-Lacour that the army is merely intended as a protection against the Black Flags. The Ministry are working hard to obtain China's neutrality, and, indeed, this is now the only subject of importance in political circles, as statesmen are eager for a holiday. Thus Parliament hopes to close at the end of this week, and the Lower House has hurried through the Railway Conventions, while the Senate has finally passed the Magistracy Bill. Notwithstanding vehement opposition, the Government have got their own way, and during the next three months will be able to weed out some 600 obnoxious magistrates, in order to restrict the number of Courts, and to "harmonise the personnel of the Bench with Republican institutions." Most of the Ministers will now start on official tours, while M. Grévy stays peacefully at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, refusing all persuasions to visit provincial towns, and declaring that Presidents ought not to travel about and make the "political blunder" of electioneering tours. Before he leaves Paris the President intends to answer the Pope's letter, but states that he can only reply to a limited extent, as he is "but one part of the Constitution."

A disastrous fire seriously alarmed PARIS last week. Some sawmills caught fire on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and the flames spread so rapidly to the adjoining houses that the inmates had a narrow escape. Happily no lives were lost. In the literary world there is nothing going on, except the quarrel between M. Sardou and another author, M. Uchard, who accuses M. Sardou of pirating the idea of *Odette* from a former play by M. Uchard. The case is now being tried. There is one theatrical item, the revival of the

gorgeous fairy piece, *Péau d'Âne*, at the Châtelet. The Comte de Chambord continues much the same.

More speculation than usual is afloat in GERMANY concerning the meeting of Emperors William and Francis Joseph at Ischl on Tuesday next. Count Kalnoky's repeated interviews at Gastein with the German Emperor and the Minister's decoration with the Order of the Black Eagle are considered as evidences that the coming visit will be of more than ordinary political significance, while it is further noted that the Crown Prince of Austria is coming to Berlin for the christening of Prince William's infant son, which takes place after the Emperor's return to the capital on August 11th. The Emperor's visit, however, will be most informal, as no Minister will be present, and after spending a day with the Austrian Imperial family, at their villa, he will leave for Babelsberg. Prince Bismarck is considerably better, and has gone to Kissingen, receiving a most enthusiastic greeting on his way from the students at Göttingen, where he himself passed part of his boisterous student life. The Chancellor looks ill and worn, and still shows signs of jaundice. Berlin has been much grieved by the suicide of Professor Putlitz, who, having a dispute with a man too weak to meet him in the field, engaged in an American duel. The adversaries drew lots to decide which of the two should shoot himself within a year, and the lot fell to the Professor, who has executed his sentence. The Luther festivities begin next Wednesday with a students' historical procession at Erfurt, representing the Reformer's entry on his way to Worms. The actual anniversary in November will be officially celebrated in all Protestant schools, where the teachers will deliver special addresses to impress the younger generation with the importance of Luther's work.

Agitation against Government measures continues the order of the day in INDIA. Now it is the turn of the Bengal landowners, who have held opposition meetings to condemn the new Rent Bill, and who are collecting funds and preparing a memorial against the measure. As yet the ryots seem perfectly indifferent to the change, and hardly understand the benefits they receive. The situation remains just the same respecting the Ilbert Bill. But it is curious to note, from a recent circumstance at Lahore, how the natives estimate British jurisdiction. A newspaper proprietor charged a rival journalist with theft, and brought the case before a native Court. The defendant, however, applied to the British authorities to have the case transferred to the Court of a European officer, where he considered he was sure to obtain an impartial hearing.

The telegraph operators have mainly won the day in the UNITED STATES, for nearly all the companies have yielded, and work has been resumed. Public opinion sided with the strikers, who behaved well throughout. Those companies which still hold out are assisted chiefly by English telegraphists, and business is now very little interrupted. There is little news, save a railway catastrophe near Rochester, with a loss of nineteen lives; and the suicide of the Spanish Minister, through monetary troubles.

In SOUTH AFRICA, the death of Cetewayo is confirmed beyond a doubt, although his body has not yet been found. Taken completely by surprise early in the morning, his army could make no stand against Usibepu, and the king fled away with his wives. His horse, however, becoming unmanageable, he was obliged to walk, and, while taking a short rest, was discovered by Usibepu's people, and at once despatched, with his women and attendants. The contest was witnessed by a European, who states that the whole affair was most sudden and swiftly over, and that it was conducted in the old Zulu fashion, with assegais. Cetewayo's son and Dabulamanzi escaped to British protection, while Usibepu burnt Ulundi and all the king's property, and, subsequently, relieved Oham from the Zhlobane caves, where he had been surrounded. For some time before his death Cetewayo had been complaining bitterly of the British perfidy, which, he declared, had caused all his difficulties and especially his troubles with Usibepu. That chief now commands the whole of the country, but is particularly friendly to Mr. Finn, the British Resident. He justifies his attack by declaring that Cetewayo intended to invade his province—an independent State on the north-east border of Zululand—and declares that he does not want any more territory himself, but would prefer an European appointed as head chief.—The Cape Town Assembly has passed the Government Bill for the re-transfer of Basutoland to the Home Government, the Premier announcing that the Colony would only be called upon to contribute 20,000/- towards the administrative expenses.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the terrible earthquake in ITALY is described in the "Illustrations"; but we may mention here that King Humbert visited the scene of the disaster on Wednesday, and spent nine hours closely inspecting the ruins. On the following day he intended to go round the hospitals. Another disaster has occurred in SICILY, where a mining explosion at Caltanissetta has cost fifty lives.—The coming marriage of the Prince of MONTENEGRO's daughter with Prince Karageorgevics, the Servian Pretender, is much disliked both in AUSTRIA and SERVIA. Prince Milan fears for his crown, as the Pretender has a strong following; and Austria scents danger in the union of two families of decided Muscovite tendencies, who may prove unpleasant neighbours under Russian influence.—TURKEY is greatly worried by the Cretan agitation, which grows apace, and by disturbances at Van, in Armenia, where the inhabitants protest against reports being sent to Constantinople of their satisfaction with the local administration. The Government has given in respecting the Tigris dispute, having commanded that the English vessels shall be allowed to resume the navigation provisionally.—The diplomatic relations between England and MEXICO, which have been suspended since the Emperor Maximilian's death in 1867, have been renewed by the despatch of a special British Envoy, and Sir Spencer St. John has been most warmly received by President Gonzales.



THE QUEEN remains at Osborne, where the Duke and Duchess of Albany, with their baby daughter, and the Grand Duke of Hesse with his two daughters, have now joined the Royal party. While Her Majesty and the Princesses of Hesse drive out daily, the Duke and Duchess frequently make short trips in the steam barge of the Royal yacht. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Prothero officiated. On Monday Earl Granville had audience of Her Majesty, and introduced the new French Ambassador, M. Waddington, who presented his credentials, and Colonel Jaukea, Special Envoy from Hawaii. Prince Louis of Battenberg visited the Queen on Tuesday, when her Majesty gave a small dinner-party. Next day the Grand Duke of Hesse arrived with the Princesses Victoria and Irene, coming from Houlgate in Normandy, where they have been staying.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have spent this week with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond at Goodwood. Before leaving town the Princess of Wales, with her daughters and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, on Saturday visited the Royal Hospital for Women and Children, Waterloo Road, and in the evening the Prince

and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre, with the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and Prince Louis of Battenberg, who had arrived on a visit. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and guests, attended Divine Service, and afterwards the ex-Empress Eugénie lunched with the Royal party. The Prince and Princess and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen left town for Goodwood on Monday, Prince and Princess Christian also joining the party. They attended the races on the succeeding days, and yesterday (Friday) the Prince was to leave for Portsmouth, to stay with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, going to Cowes to meet the Prince on board the *Osborne*, where they will remain a fortnight for the Cowes Regatta and other yachting festivities, and then return to London before the Prince leaves for Homburg. The *Canada*, with Prince George of Wales on board, is overdue at Halifax, but the Admiralty, however, announces that there is no cause for alarm, as the vessel, being on a voyage of instruction, was not tied to any particular dates.

The Duke of Connaught on Saturday witnessed the closing proceedings of the Army Rifle Meeting at Aldershot. On Monday the Duke joined in a sham fight near Aldershot, and commanded the northern force, which won the day.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have returned to Quebec from their excursion up the Cascapedia River.—Princess Beatrice will visit Aberdeen about September 23rd to open a bazaar in aid of the Sick Children's Home and to inaugurate Dutchie Park.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are shortly expected in the Isle of Wight, when they will stay at Norris Castle, near Osborne.



ARRANGEMENTS are being made to celebrate, in England as well as in Germany, the 400th anniversary of Luther's birth in November next. Special sermons will be preached on the 11th and 18th, and lectures will be given in all the principal towns on the intervening days. A Provisional Committee has already been formed, and all Denominations will be invited to co-operate.

GREAT EXCITEMENT has been caused among members of the Free Church by the severe sentence (four months' imprisonment) inflicted on the Strom Ferry rioters, whom it was generally thought would be discharged, after making submission, with a reprimand. Petitions have been, or will be, forwarded to the Home Secretary, from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Inverness, &c., and a memorial will be presented to the Premier by the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh. Most people, even in Scotland, will agree for once with the Glasgow Sunday Society, that the bigoted clergy who urged the simple fishermen on are more deserving of punishment than they.

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL have published the text of their judgment rejecting Miss Booth's appeal against her expulsion. The judgment is based on her alleged infringement of an obsolete police regulation requiring her to render a full account of all the money received at every meeting which she conducted. This account Miss Booth declares she would have rendered if the authorities had only given her time. It is stated that she will now appeal to the Federal Tribunal.—In Canton Vaud, two officers of "the Army" (one an Englishman) have been arrested and fined 200 fr. for selling Salvation hymns in the public streets.

THE ANNUAL PRIZE DAY of Archbishop Whitgift's Grammar School, at Croydon, was graced last week by the presence of the Primate, who distributed the prizes to the successful pupils. What we wanted now, he said, was such another departure in middle-class education as was made in Tudor times, when our endowed grammar schools were established.

THE APEX-STONE OF THE CROSS on the west front of St. Alban's Cathedral was fixed on Monday by Sir E. Beckett. The height of the cross is 109 ft. 2½ in. from the floor of the porch.

THE ANTI-VICAR'S RATE WAR in Coventry, lulled for a time by the commutation of the rate in the parish of Holy Trinity, now threatens to break out afresh in the adjoining parish of St. Michael's. Notices were served some days since on parishioners who refuse to pay, and as most of these have now expired, further proceedings are anxiously awaited.

A FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL to Dr. Scott on his retirement from the Headmastership of Westminster School was presented to him on Tuesday morning in the presence of a large number of visitors. 1,200/- had been subscribed, of which 960/- go to found a "Scott Library," while the balance has been expended in a costly silver cup and pair of candlesticks. The testimonial was presented by Sir Watkin Wynn.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, although he rallied slightly at the beginning of the week, is still reported to be in imminent danger.

THE FOUNDATION STONE of a new church at Dovercourt was laid this week by the Bishop of Colchester. The Bishop of Zululand announces the consecration of the Memorial Church at Zulandana.

THE CANONRY OF CANTERBURY, vacated by the death of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, has been conferred on the Rev. W. Cadman, Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone.



BAYREUTH (correspondence).—The last of the twelve announced representations of Wagner's *Parsifal* was given on Monday night. The theatre was crowded in every part, and the audience more demonstrative than on any previous occasion. The performance was one, on the whole, of surpassing excellence. The leading singers—Malten, Gudehus, Reichmann, and Degele—all distinguished themselves, showing as much zeal as though the deceased master himself had been a living witness to their exertions. Many amateurs prefer Mdle. Malten to Madame Materna in the mysterious personage of Kundry; but just as many swear allegiance *quand même* to the superb Brünnhilde at the never-to-be-forgotten performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in 1876, when all the world sought shelter in this out-of-the-way Franconian town. That each, however, in her style, and in accordance with her special gifts, is admirable cannot be denied. That the exhibition just brought to an end lost a good deal of its attraction through the absence of the ruling spirit to which the world of art is indebted for all these extraordinary manifestations of what Wagner himself, in his closing address to the audience seven years since, designated as "a new art," is unquestionable. The fortunes of the undertaking have wavered. At times the attendance filled the theatre; at other times empty benches were the rule rather than the exception. So with the performances. When there was a crowd the chorus, orchestra, and leading singers were

animated with strong endeavour, and their enthusiasm imparted itself to the audience; on other occasions they were more or less disheartened, which materially influenced not only the execution itself, but weakened the impression it should have created in the house. The wisdom of passing the various leading characters from one artist to another has been questioned, which was not the case with the *Tetralogy*, comprising four distinct parts—*Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* (though even here Madame Materna was always the "Shield-Maiden," Brünnhilde). On the other hand, to sing the music and act the part of Kundry, or even that of Parsifal, twelve times in succession, would be an arduous task, only less so than that entailed upon the personators of *Tristan und Isolde*, the most trying of all Wagnerian "stage-plays." To say that Herr Richter, who conducted the first representations of the *Nibelungen*, was not missed, would be unfair—as unfair as to say that his successor, if not his equal, was not highly competent. The result of this month's experiment leaves all in doubt as to the future of the Wagnerian propaganda. The same general interest as that created last year was not observable, and certainly nothing like the intense and world-wide curiosity excited by the *Ring des Nibelungen* in 1876. It must also be taken into consideration that *Parsifal* is Wagner's final achievement, that he can never give us another, and that those who profess to adopt his theories and to follow in his footsteps are at such an immeasurable distance from him as to preclude all hope of their carrying out his teaching with even moderate success. There is now a question as to what shall be done with the Wagner Theatre. To the faint-hearted inhabitants of Bayreuth it can be of little use. To strangers, and in a large measure to foreigners, it must always be indebted for support; but now that Wagner is dead, and that every one of his works can be heard in both the Old and New Worlds, what is there to induce people, however deeply indoctrinated, to make long journeys to a superannuated spot like Bayreuth, for the sake of witnessing them? If it is true that the King of Bavaria wishes to transfer the Wagner Theatre to Munich, let him take it by all means. It won't be missed at Bayreuth.

WAIFS.—German versions of Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba* and the *Vicid Prophet* of Mr. Villiers Stanford are to be given by Herr Pollini during the forthcoming operatic season at Hamburg.—A Philharmonic Society is now being instituted at Seville, a promising sign of the times. If Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia possess treasures of early melody upon which to found a national school, Spain is not less richly endowed. Gomez—at least equal to the Russian Glinka—should have found some worthy successor ere this. It must not be forgotten that the popular melody of Spain owes no little to the Moorish element, which endows it with peculiar flavour and characteristic spirit.—Verdi has been passing some time in Florence, where he was daily seen at the Public Library. Meanwhile all amateurs are eagerly looking forward to his *Iago*, for the libretto of which his would (but can't) be rival, Signor Boito, is answerable. If something is not heard of this opera ere long Verdi runs the chance of being accused of a design to stimulate public curiosity in the Meyerbeerian, if not precisely in the Wagnerian sense.—The Queen of Spain attended some of the recent performances of Wagner's *Parsifal* (of which the last was given on Monday) at Bayreuth.—We regret to hear that the Spanish tenor, Gayarre, well-known at our Royal Italian Opera, is again so gravely indisposed that it is feared he will be compelled to abandon his professional career.—Theodore Thomas, the most credited of American orchestral conductors, has begun a series of "Summer Night Concerts" in the Exposition Building at Chicago. The opening performance was attended by an audience numbering upwards of 3,000.—A fire-brick proscenium wall is being erected at the New York Academy of Music.—Correspondence from Leipsic informs us that the two streets contiguous with the new "Gewandhaus" will be named respectively after Mozart and Beethoven. Statues of these composers are to ornament the facade of the building, others of Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Schubert filling up the side niches. A monument to Mendelssohn, and probably another to Schumann, in the chief *salon*, which is of dimensions not inferior to those of the ancient Gewandhaus, are also contemplated. It would be odd, indeed, were Mendelssohn overlooked—a man who did more for music in Leipsic than any of his precursors, from John Sebastian Bach downwards.—Hermann Zopff, a well-known professor of music, writer on musical subjects, and for twenty years a contributor to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, died recently. Zopff's most widely circulated publications were his "Theory of Opera" and his "Theory of the Formation of the Voice." He was also, after his manner, a composer; but his compositions have left no ineffaceable impression on the world at large.—The anniversary of the death of that voluminous and indefatigable composer, Joachim Raff, was commemorated at Frankfort-on-the-Main by a grand concert, the programme of which consisted exclusively of selections from his works.—The admired Polish vocalist, Mdlle. de Reszké (who may be remembered as not long since a member of Mr. Gye's company) has performed an act almost unprecedented in its way in the history of operatic singers. Engaged for a series of performances at the theatre in Warsaw, it was made known while the last performance was going on, that she had bequeathed the entire proceeds of her engagement (35,000 roubles) to the poor of the city. Already an established and deserving favourite with the Warsaw people, Mdlle. de Reszké's last appearance would in any case have been a "gala"-night; but the fact of her disinterested generosity coming to light doubled and trebled the enthusiasm of her admirers, as may readily be imagined.—Madame Christine Nilsson has taken to writing for newspapers. A recent communication to the *North American Review*, setting forth her artistic persuasions, under the head of "A Few Words About Public Singers," looks very much like the work of an "interviewer," and at any rate inclines us to the belief that the accomplished *prima donna* had better stick to her singing and leave others to comment upon it.—The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden begin to-night, under the management of Mr. W. F. Thomas, Mr. A. Gwyllim Crowe being again the conductor.—Madame Adelina Patti is taking a well-earned repose at her castle, Craig-y-Nos, in South Wales.



THE TURF.—Very great things were anticipated of Goodwood, and to a fair extent they have been realised. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and a host of notabilities, Royal and otherwise, were guests at Goodwood House, and this, of course, went a long way to ensure the success of the meeting from a social and fashionable point of view. There was, too, an average supply of good racing, though the anticipated meeting of Galliard and The Prince did not come off, for the simple reason that neither were sent to Goodwood. The ball was opened with the old-fashioned Craven Stakes, for which Piraeus, with Archer up, was backed at evens in a field of eight. He could only get second, a 20 to 1 chance in the shape of the aged Charaxus winning easily. The talent, however, got their money back by backing St. Simon against the field for the Hahnaker Stakes for two-year-olds. For the Stakes only eight started, and their chances were pretty well indicated by the market, the three first favourites being the "placed" horses, the absolutely first favourite, Corrie Roy, winning, with Lizzie second, and The

Dethroned (late Monarch) third. The Richmond Stakes, for two-year-olds, brought out some good cattle; and here again the favourite, the Duke of Westminster's Bushey, after starting with slight odds on her, won easily enough in a field of twelve. The colours of the veteran Mr. Bowes were seen on Sweet Auburn in the Gratwick Stakes, and they were carried past the post in front of Grandmaster, on whom the odds of 4 to 1 were laid. Curiously enough, and appropriately enough, too, at a fashionable meeting, five of the winning owners out of six had titles to their names. For the great sprint race on the second day, the Stewards' Cup, Energy, Vibration, Atalanta, and Rookery started favourites in the order named in a field of eighteen, but the three placed horses, Hornpipe, Geheimniss, and Goldfield came out of the lot next fancied. The Duke of Hamilton won both the Sussex and Drawing Room Stakes with Ossian, St. Simon scored again in the Maiden Stakes, and the Findon Stakes, for two-year-olds, were taken by the Duke of West-minster's Sandiway.

POLO.—Hurlingham and Ranelagh have played a most closely contested match, Hurlingham winning by two goals to one.

CRICKET.—The counties are still hard at work with bat and ball, and the order of merit in which they will stand at the end of the season may now be pretty well anticipated. It could hardly be expected that Sussex would be able to make much of a show against Notts at the Old Trent Bridge ground, and its one-innings defeat was scarcely to be wondered at. Shrewsbury, for Notts, only missed making his "century" by two runs; and three others of the team made over 30 each. Humphrey's 41 and Wyatt's 62 were the big figures on the Sussex side.—Gloucestershire, which has fared but badly during the last few years, has had to submit to a next door to a one-innings defeat at the hands of Lancashire, which won with ten wickets to fall. The Gloucestershire first innings only produced 34.—The great uncertainties of cricket, which discount in some measure interest in the game, have been fully exemplified in the return match between Yorkshire and Surrey. Only a few days before the Northern county had inflicted a one-innings defeat on the Southern, but at the Oval, at the end of last week, Surrey showed itself almost as good as its vanquishers, and the match ended in a draw. In its second innings Surrey had to get 267 runs to win, and of these it got 226 with two wickets to fall, and with M. Read well set and 94 to his credit.—Essex and Northamptonshire have had a very close tussle, the latter winning by only two runs.—The annual match between Rugby and Marlborough Schools, a feature of which was that every one of the Rugby Eleven took a turn at bowling, resulted in a draw greatly in favour of Marlborough: and the Rugbeians have also had to put up with a severe defeat by the M.C.C., who beat them by an innings and 206 runs.—It has just been announced that the Committee of the M.C.C. has made public a draft of an amended code of cricket law. Opinions of cricketers in all parts of the world are invited upon it, and the final draft will be submitted to a general meeting of the Club before the beginning of next season. It need hardly be said that no fundamental alteration in the game is suggested; but several existing laws will be modified and simplified.—We had almost forgotten to note that Sussex has had some comfort since its defeat by beating Derbyshire by an innings and seventy runs.—Gloucestershire has met with a still further disaster, having been beaten by Yorkshire by eight wickets.

SWIMMING.—Referring again for a moment to the death of Captain Webb, it would seem from the examination of his body that he must have succumbed to asphyxia, caused by the pressure of the water on the nerve centres. There were no symptoms of death by actual drowning.

HUNTING.—T. Payne, who has hunted Sir Walkin Wynn's hounds for nearly twenty years, and recently resigned his post, has been presented with a silver horn and nearly 1,400/- by members of his and other hunts. In acknowledging the testimonial, he said that in forty years' hunting he had assisted in killing over 5,000 foxes.

ARCHERY.—At the Grand Western Archery Meeting, which lasted for three days at Salisbury, the Challenge Belt for the Lady Championship of the West was won by Miss I. Carter, of the Grand Western Society; and the Challenge Claret Jug for the Gentleman Championship by Mr. H. Palair, of the West Dorset and Grand Western.

SHOOTING.—The latest reports both from Scotch and English grouse moors are to the effect that the prospects of "the Twelfth" (this year the Thirteenth) are satisfactory, and that, generally speaking, a season somewhat above the average may be expected.

OUR FRENCH FRIENDS AT TROUVILLE, and other fashionable marine resorts, are said to have invented, and to be practising, a novel kind of sport in the shape of crab-racing. The crabs are "trained," and marked on their shells with the crests or monograms of their owners. The racing takes place on the sands, over a course of about sixteen metres, and the winning post is a rope stretched in a straight line as near the sea as possible. The line a crab will take is, of course, very uncertain; but owners, and especially the "fair" ones, it is said, back their animals freely.



THE worship of Mr. Irving, which has been growing more and more fervent since the first announcement that this immensely popular actor is about to leave us for a long tour in the United States, reached its highest point last Saturday evening, the closing night of the LYCEUM season, which, according to precedent, had been reserved for his benefit. *Eugene Aram*, in its compressed form, and *The Belle's Stratagem* were the pieces selected for the occasion. They present no novelty to Mr. Irving's admirers; but they had the advantage of exhibiting him in the same evening in a weirdly tragic and in an eccentric comedy part. Even less novelty attended the delivery of that indispensable feature of the occasion, the address to the audience; for Mr. Irving had really nothing to tell which was not already known to all present. That he will appear with Miss Ellen Terry and the rest of the LYCEUM company, in all the principal and many of the less important cities of the Union—beginning at the STAR Theatre, New York, on the 29th of October—and that he counts upon being back again next June, has long been stated. Equally well known was the announcement that Miss Mary Anderson, the American actress, will make her appearance with an American Company, on the LYCEUM stage, on the 1st of September next. But the audience on Saturday evening were in no wise hungry for news; their satisfaction was found in seeing and hearing Mr. Irving, and in cheering with an almost unexampled enthusiasm both the actor-manager and his associates. When a critic, "albeit unused to the melting mood," can be found to declare that there was scarcely a dry eye in the house, it is quite clear that the devotees of the Lyceum have now reached a point beyond which idolatry can scarcely go. If there is a little excess in all this, there is something, it must be confessed, very pleasing in the cordial relations which exist between audiences and actors who have deserved well of the public. After all, it is the approbation of cultivated playgoers which is the highest stimulus and best reward of the player's exertions. The revived taste for dramatic entertainments is the most hopeful sign for the future of our stage.

The opening night of Messrs. Robertson and Bruce's management of TOOLE'S Theatre was for more than one reason an occasion of interest to the playgoing public; and it is gratifying to be able to record the fact that even the adverse influences of July did not prevent the assembling of a large and distinguished audience. Mr. Robertson, who is the eldest son of the author of *Caste, Society, and Ours*, has a laudable ambition to produce his late father's works, with not less care and taste than was bestowed upon them when these pieces were the sole and exclusive possession of the Prince of Wales's and the Haymarket, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. That he has faith in their undiminished power to please is sufficiently attested by his determination to revive a comedy which was avowedly not the most successful of the series—a comedy which, though it enjoyed a respectable run, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft never ventured to revive. *M.P.* was the last but one of the author's works, and was brought out in 1870—long enough ago to be forgotten by many who saw it then, and certainly long enough to be beyond the playgoing days of a very large portion of the public. Under these circumstances it is very gratifying to note that the revival of *M.P.* was abundantly justified by its own intrinsic merits. The story of the play, it is true, presents no ingenious intrigue, and is hardly to be called a story in the usual acceptance of that term. But there is, nevertheless, a very peculiar charm in this piece, arising from the freshness and the diversity of its sketches of character, and the absence of anything like bitterness in its satire, and, above all, from the sterling qualities of its dialogue, which has a finer literary flavour than that of any other of the author's works. The play is admirably put upon the stage, and is played by a company which, though it comprises no star actor, is very complete and efficient, and thoroughly well drilled. Miss Gerard's Quakeress, with her innocent, instinctive hankering after the world and its lawful pleasures, is a really delightful performance; excellent also, in its fresh vivacity and true comedy touch, is Miss Cora Stewart's Cecilia Dunscombe. The noisy, pretentious, "self-made" man, Isaac Scoone, is, moreover, played by Mr. J. F. Young with a very strong sense of character and of humour. For the part of Dunscombe-Dunscombe, the ruined country gentleman, the management have secured the able services of Mr. Beaumont, whose performance in *Impulse* is favourably known to the public. Some little abatement of the impossible manners of the three electioneering agents would certainly tend to bring their performance more strictly within the bounds of comedy as distinguished from burlesque; but this objection does not deprive Mr. Chevalier of the right to high praise for his irresistibly droll performance in the part of Mulhowler. Mr. E. D. Ward plays the youthful stage-struck hero, and Mr. Macklin his graver friend, Talbot Piers. Playgoers who can dispense with strong excitements, and enjoy genuine comedy well acted and tastefully illustrated, should on no account fail to see this noteworthy revival of *M.P.* at TOOLE'S Theatre.

DRURY LANE reopens this evening with Messrs. G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris's new romantic drama entitled *Freedom*, the romance of which depends in great measure upon the hardships of slavery in modern Egypt, in which country the principal scenes are laid.

An entirely new experiment will be tried next autumn by Messrs. Clayton and Cecil at the COURT Theatre. The idea is that of a series of "dramatic afternoon teas." Full particulars will no doubt be soon forthcoming. Meanwhile, it is known that these "cheering, but not inebriating" gatherings, are to extend from four to six o'clock, and that music, vocal and instrumental, light pieces, and moderate prices, are the chief features.

When the COURT Theatre reopens, about the end of September, a new comedy will be produced, which has been written by Mr. J. W. Godfrey, author of *The Parvenu*.

Mrs. Alfred Mellon, so well known in other days to visitors to the Adelphi as Miss Woolgar, has returned this week to the stage. On Monday she was announced to appear at the SURREY Theatre in a drama with the not particularly romantic title of *Rags and Bones*.

The American papers, which are nothing if not indiscreet, have divulged the fact that the clever and immensely popular little American actress, known as Miss Lotta, has only a stage-right in that pretty name. Her real name, it appears, is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, which is not so pretty. If the gossips are well-informed, however, marriage is about to "transform" her into Mrs. Huss. Miss Lotta has never appeared on our stage; though she was here a season or two ago—much petted in private circles, and very diligent in attending our theatres.

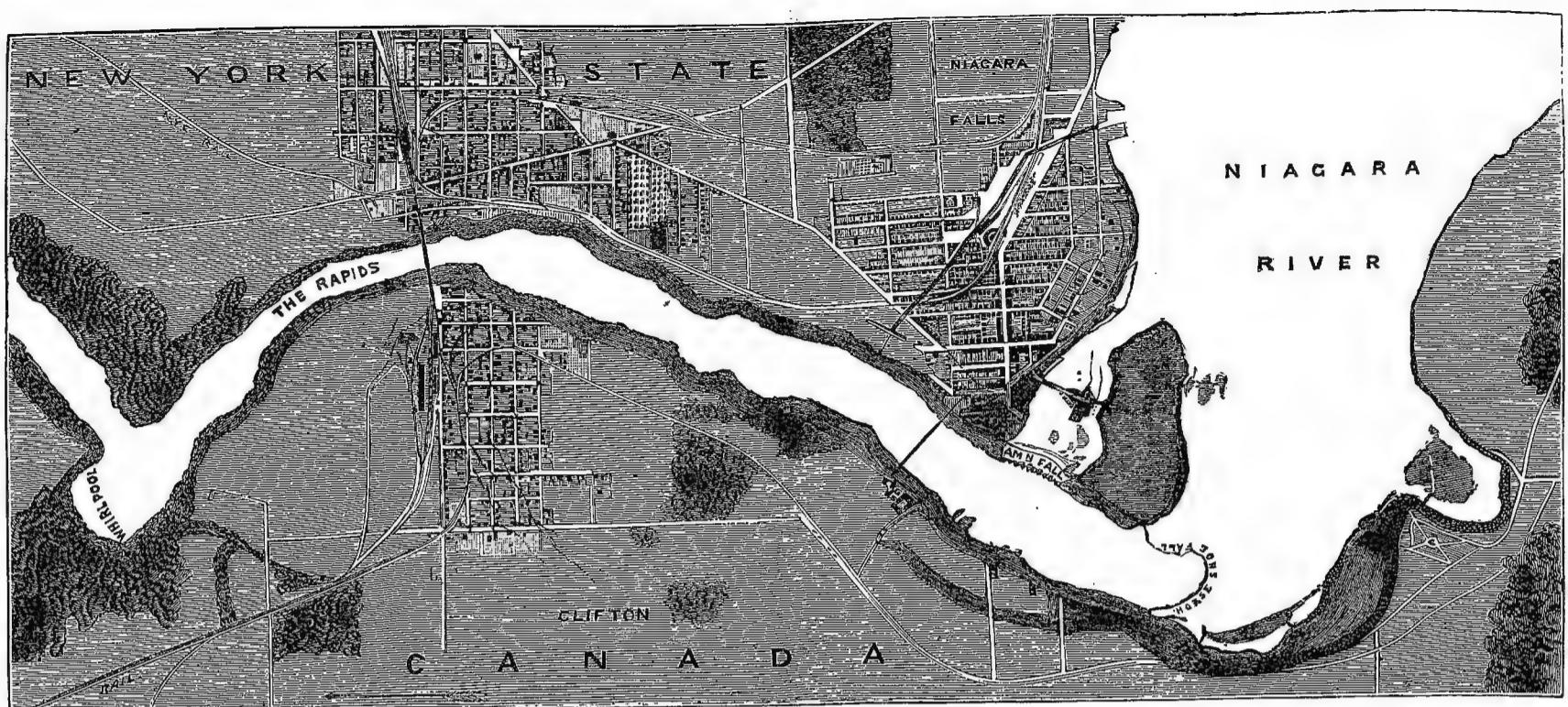
The large theatre which has been erected on the site of the Philharmonic, at Islington, opens this evening for the first time, under the name of "THE GRAND Theatre," and with a new drama, entitled *The Bright Future*, written by Mr. Sefton Parry.

Frequent changes of performance, after the fashion of suburban houses, appear to be intended to be the rule at the Grand Theatre. On the 17th September Miss Minnie Palmer, a popular American actress, will appear here in a three-act musical comedy, called *My Sweetheart*. Among other prospective arrangements are a new romantic drama, entitled *Racing*, by G. H. Macdermott; an Irish drama, called *The Donagh*, by Mr. G. F. Rowe; and a play, by Mr. G. Darrell, entitled *The Sunny South*, in which incidents of life in Australia are to play an important part.



I.

"WHY not purchase the Suez Canal?" is the bold inquiry of Mr. E. Dicey in the *Nineteenth Century*. Events have forced us, as he foretold six years ago, to assume *bon gré mal gré* the protectorate of Egypt. The demands of trade necessitate the enlargement of the water-way across the Isthmus. Let us, he argues, for once take the lead, and buy the Company out, at the cost, say, of some 30,000,000/. The weak point, as it seems to us, in this is the under-rating of French sentiment in the matter. It may, indeed, be a mere sentiment of the Bourse, which would yield at once to an offer of 100/- for every ordinary share of 20/. But should it prove otherwise, with angry points of contact everywhere, in Madagascar, West Africa, Cochin China, what then? In this connection Captain Hozier's "German and English Armies" suggests some unpleasant thoughts. Of the former, with its perfect *Intendantur* department and its grand first line solidly backed by a series of reserves, the writer can only give a very exact and very admiring description. Of the latter he can scarcely give a sketch at all, so completely does a paper force collapse on examination. Yet better organisation would always keep men enough in hand to guard London from a *coup de main* or conduct a South African campaign without discredit. We do not, in fact, turn a short-service system to the best account. Recruits who dislike military life should be dismissed to the reserves as soon as they have learned their drill. Those, on the other hand, who would gladly serve on for a pension should not be cast adrift every five or six years to deter others from enlisting, but be retained to form that nucleus of old soldiers which is the soul of every short-service army. Under the title of "France and the Slave Trade in Madagascar," Mr. Goodrich warns us—we fear too truly—that the first fruits of a French conquest will be the practical revival of a trade in slaves in the Mozambique Channel. It is bad enough that our supineness on the mainland has already caused a rerudescence of slavery in the Transvaal, where Mapoch's tribesmen have just



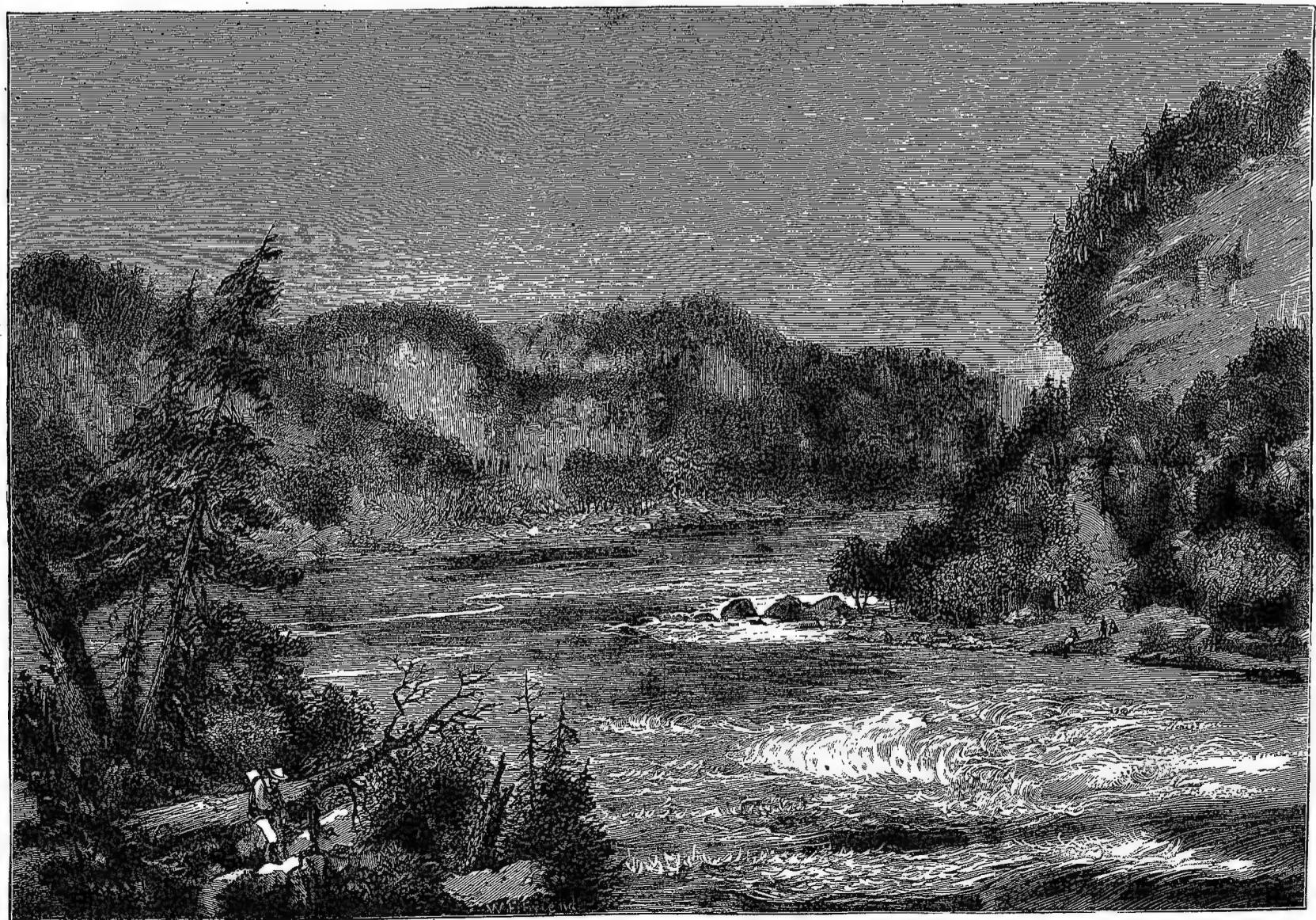
MAP OF THE NIAGARA RIVER FROM ABOVE THE FALLS TO THE WHIRLPOOL WHERE CAPTAIN WEBB WAS LOST

THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA

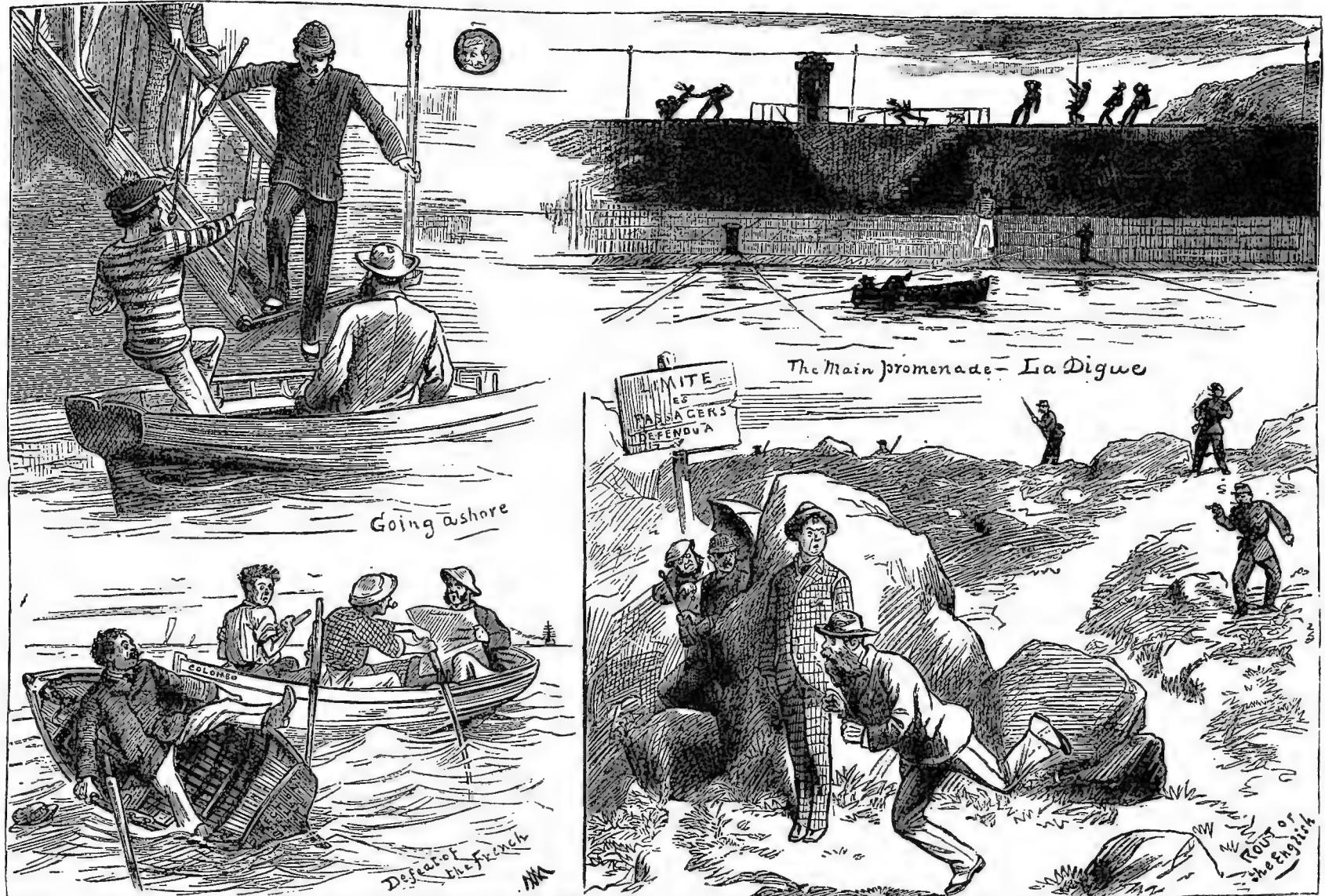
THE map of the Niagara River and the two engravings, the first representing the Whirlpool Rapids and the second the Whirlpool (which two places must not be confounded), will afford our readers some idea of the seething waste of waters in which the brave but over-adventurous Captain Webb lost his life. Of himself, and of the circumstances attending his perilous swim, we speak in another column. Concerning the Niagara Rapids, we cannot select a better description than that supplied by Professor Tyndall in a letter published

in the *Daily News* of Monday:—"The rapids proper of Niagara occur above the Fall, where for a mile or so the water comes galloping and tumbling down before it takes its final leap over the ledge of the cataract. Below the cataract the water flows through a deep gorge, which has been excavated by the river. At some distance down there is a ferry between the American and the Canadian sides. Lower still is a suspension bridge for foot-passengers, while about two miles below the fall the river is spanned by the railway suspension bridge. Between the ferry and this bridge the river flows unruffled, but below the suspension bridge the

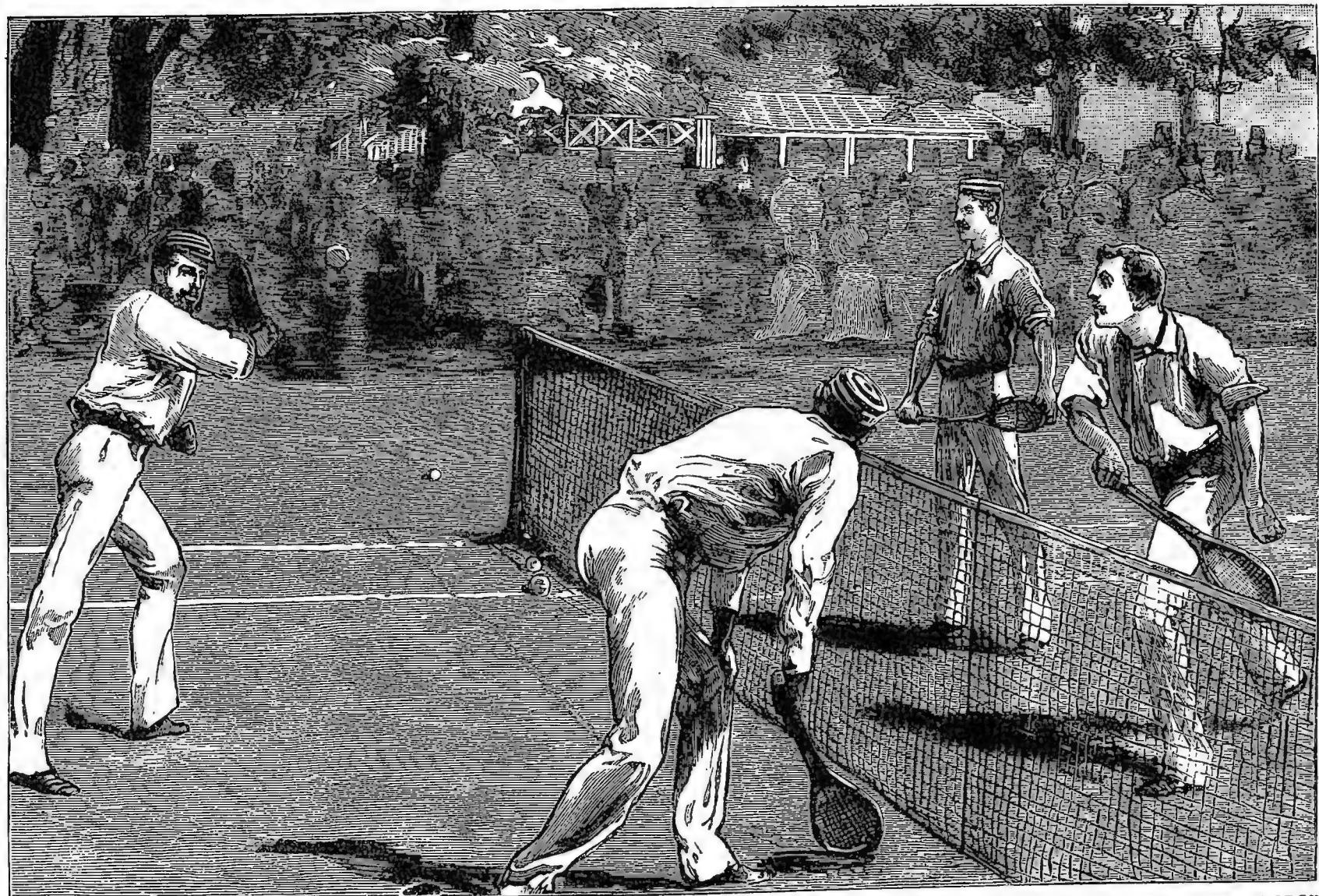
gorge narrows, and the rapidity and turbulence of the water increase. For a certain distance the width can be hardly more than 300 feet, and here occur what are called the Whirlpool Rapids. It is impossible to describe the wild fury of the waters at this place. The river boils and leaps in the most frantic manner, and the tossing everywhere is terrific. Lower down the river suddenly bends nearly at a right angle, and here is formed the whirlpool from which the lower rapids derive their name."—Our engraving of the Whirlpool Rapids is from a sketch by Mrs. Rea, of 73, Chester Square.



THE WHIRLPOOL IN THE NIAGARA RIVER WHERE CAPTAIN WEBB WAS LAST SEEN



THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT—IN QUARANTINE AT MARSEILLES



THE POLITICAL LAWN-TENNIS MATCH AT PRINCE'S—MESSRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE AND ALBERT GREY, LIBERALS, v. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON AND HON. S. HERBERT, CONSERVATIVES

been "indentured," as the phrase is, by their Boer conquerors.—In a timely paper on "The Cholera and Our Water Supply," Dr. Frankland calls attention to the extreme danger of the supply from companies whose "intakes" are above Teddington, from a stream that is polluted by the sewage of the half million dwellers in the Thames valley. The only perfectly pure water close to London comes "from deep wells in the chalk formation." No doctrine, he holds, is more untenable than that which would have us think that running water can "purify itself" in a few hours' flow.—Among lighter articles we have only space to name a "Leaf from the Real Life of Lord Byron," or the true story of Jane Clermont, by J. A. Froude; a graceful paper on "Aix-les-Bains and Ancey," with their respective memories of Lamartine and J. J. Rousseau; and an interesting account, by Miss F. F. G. Cumming, of the "Locust War in Cyprus." The newest plan, it seems, is not to hunt for the eggs, but to catch the full-grown insect in cleverly-constructed traps.

Writing on "The Suez Canal" in the *Contemporary*, Mr. Reid, Q.C., can see only danger in that probable conversion of a temporary into a permanent occupation of Egypt (supposing we take the Canal into our own hands), which Mr. Dicey regards as welcome and inevitable. Even the command of the Isthmus may be bought too dear if it exposes us to the risks of attack from a great military Power advancing either from Syria or from Tripoli.—Mr. M. Davitt seems to think "Penal Servitude" is more crushingly severe than any crime short of murder can deserve. Seven years, in his opinion, should be the maximum penalty, and there should be a more thorough separation of "first offenders" from "habitual criminals," and greater discrimination in rewards and punishments. On one occasion, for instance, every convict at Dartmoor had to appear at parade with his chest bare to the shirt, because one had secreted a piece of iron under his vest.—Mr. Froude concludes his study of "Luther;" and Mr. Lilly contributes a delightful article on the "Saints of Islam," the ascetic mystics whose teachings blossomed into those Sufic doctrines which some have thought will prepare the way for "the overthrow of Islam by a purer creed."—Among other articles, the most valuable, and also it must be owned the driest, is Professor Geffcken's "Contemporary Life and Thought in Germany."

In the new *National Review* Mr. R. Jefferies' "Defence of Sport" as formative of that English manliness of character on which the morbid speculations of town-nurtured brains can take no hold will carry with it every country Tory. Yet even they who may think with Matthew Arnold that this is but a "barbarian" virtue, will appreciate that subtly accurate knowledge of natural phenomena which those acquire who go out with rod and gun, not simply to "kill something," but to spend hours amidst the sights and sounds of the country. No book-learning can stand in place of this, nor can any one become a perfect naturalist without it.—Mr. Hoare returns to his dismal theme, "Homes of the Criminal Classes," in a desponding paper, which reminds us of what was said of old of places where "no mighty work could be wrought because of their disbelief." The Salvation Army, according to Mr. Hoare, does not touch this class at all. They are too *blasé* for such mild excitement, and cannot understand the spirit of the movement.—A pleasant paper, not on the lakes and ice-peaks, but on the early history of "The Engadine," may help the tourist, weather-bound at Chur, to spend an agreeable day among the archives of the Cathedral; and in another Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., describes the almost unknown "Cattle Ranche Country of Canada," a district on the South Saskatchewan of no great size—5,500 square miles are a fleabite in the Far West—but still a place where cattle-breeders may do well. Only let them take care to store some hay against the winter, and, first and foremost, to enclose their farms. The buffalo grass will not grow again without irrigation if cropped too close by roving cattle, and irrigation away from the rivers is impossible.—Under the title of "The Ride of the Dead," Mr. Mallock gives fair rendering in verse of the popular Greek ballad of Constantine and Arete, which those who care to see how folksongs grow, may compare with another version from the text of Passow in Mr. Tozer's "Highlands of Turkey."

The very name of P. François le Courayer is now so little known, and the fact that steps were actually taken, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, towards a mutual recognition of each other's claims by the Gallican and Anglican Churches so generally forgotten, that this alone would make the able article in the *Church Quarterly* on the French defender of the validity of English orders extremely interesting. But Père le Courayer is also a very interesting personage in himself, and the story of his flight from France with the help of Bishop Atterbury, and his forty-four years of learned ease in England as the recipient of a small pension from the Crown, is one of the prettiest episode in the gentle dulness of Church history under the First Georges. It adds to the value of Courayer's testimony that he remained a staunch Roman Catholic to the last, and always regarded the Church of England as "schismatic."

"Reminiscences of Lord Stratford and the Crimean War"—so long feature in *Temple Bar*—comes this month to an end. "John Bright is fully borne out by all this," said the great Elthi to the writer, as the two explored the ruined south side of Sebastopol, while the forts on the north still kept up a desultory fire. He did not set himself against the peace; he had learned at last that nothing could be done for Turkey; and when war again broke out between the Sultan and the Czar his voice was not the least influential in dissuading England from taking part in it.—A lively paper on "Napoleon's Marshals," and a very amusing railway adventure, "Keep my Secret," are both most readable.—A comparison of "Wagner" with the great *maestri* who went before him places him altogether on a lower level. In painter's phrase he is pronounced a "colourist" only, with little "knowledge of form;" the writer is even irreverent enough to liken the effect of a Wagnerian opera to that produced by one of Mr. Whistler's symphonies.

Neither *Harper* nor the *Century* are this month at their best. In the former some interesting descriptions of the primitive farming population of French Canada—descendants some of veritable *grands seigneurs*, and some of soldiers left behind by British Generals, with nothing French about them but their speech; and a thoroughly American sketch of the "Heart of the Alleghanies"—the locomotive factories of Altoona in the foreground, behind the primeval forest where Prince Galitzin laboured long as a humble mission priest, and over all the Hotel and Sanatorium of "Mountain House," will prove pleasant reading; in the latter a pathetic sketch of "The Mission Indians of South California," hunted from spot to spot by new settlers—for the Indian, though he sometimes has a Mexican title, can put in no claim to State public land; and a humorous account of "The Oldest Club in America," the "Colony of Schuykill," an institution whose nearest parallel must be sought in our own "Beef-steaks" of facetious memory, though "The Schuykill," Mr. Adams tells us, was three years older than its English rival. The shorter tales in both magazines are getting dull, and even "Uncle Remus" hangs a little. It is hard to make much way with a story where one wants a glossary at every turn.

In the *Magazine of Art* an elaborate account of "Dorchester House"—perhaps the only very great house in London designed and decorated with something of the thoroughness with which the Renaissance masters threw their souls into some Roman or Florentine *palazzo*—will charm the lovers of superb magnificence. And the art displayed is of the highest order, for the decorations are the *chef-d'œuvre* of Alfred Stevens.—In the *Art Journal* is a dainty etching of two cats, entitled "Romeo and Juliet"—the latter, mounted on a wall, most charmingly cat-like in attitude and expression.—A paper by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole gives some interesting notes of

the "Arab Museum at Cairo." The French are now the worst iconoclasts in Egypt. Even Mariette Bey could find it in his heart to ruin an entire Mosaic pavement, that he might send a specimen to the Paris Exhibition.—In *Art and Letters* are some pretty engravings of sculptures by that child of the First Empire, François Rude, and by A. L. Barye, unrivalled as a pourtrayer of animal life; and an interesting paper ("Some French Actors") on Fred. Lemaitre and Regnier, with sketches of their appearance in some of their most famous parts.



LOVE OF ADVENTURE, in the case of three Welsh lads, has had a somewhat disastrous issue. Last year, it seems, they fled from home, and pitched their camp upon the Berwyn Hills, returning only when their provisions were exhausted. Determined this year to repeat the experiment on a grander scale, they began by breaking into a provision store at Ruabon, and carrying off a full supply of tinned meat and fish, pots of jam, and tobacco. One of the young marauders carried a dagger, another a pistol, while this work was going forward. They had not, however, calculated that the police would soon be sent in chase, and the trio, captured after an exciting run, have now been committed on a charge of burglary, to stand their trial at the Denbighshire Quarter Sessions.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION under the Act of 1871 (by which lodgers' goods are protected from distraint for a landlord's debts, if the lodger serve the bailiff with a declaration and an inventory), was delivered at the Guildhall last week, on a summons by Messrs. Virtue and Co. against the agents of Christ's Hospital. Messrs. Virtue, it appeared, had hired three rooms on the first-floor of a house leased from the Governors of the Hospital. The lessee failed, and Messrs. Virtue's goods were seized, notwithstanding their having made the statutory declaration and inventory. The sitting Alderman ruled that, as none of the firm slept upon the premises, they were not lodgers within the meaning of the Act.

SENTENCE OF PENAL SERVITUDE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS was deservedly passed at Croydon Assizes on W. Gatting, a corporal in the Coldstream Guards, for knocking down and kicking to death, in drunken wantonness, William Brown, an inoffensive hay-binder, at Frimley. Two other corporals in his company at the time were also tried on the same charge and acquitted. The Judge declared that the jury had been most merciful in not finding Gatting guilty of wilful murder, in which case the law would certainly have been permitted to take its course. 150/- have been subscribed by the officers and men of the regiment for the family of the victim.

THE SEEMINGLY INTERMINABLE CHARGE of conspiring to defraud Mr. Clark Jervoise, formerly an officer in the Guards, and a young man of considerable wealth, has ended, so far as the investigation in the Police Court goes, with the committal of the six defendants for trial at the September Session of the Central Criminal Court. It was considered sufficient to accept their own recognisances of 500/- each.

A JURY IN THE LORD MAYOR'S COURT have been hard-hearted enough to refuse all damages to a young lady for "the shock to her system" from detention for seven hours outside Boulogne on board the *Queen of the Orwell*. The piston-rod of the engine had broken through a flaw which no "human examination could have discovered," and the young lady spent seven hours, according to her own account, in an agony of fright in the cabin, but, according to the recollection of a gentleman passenger, in dancing merrily upon deck, the sea being calm and the night fine. Under these circumstances a City jury seem to have thought a verdict for the Company would best meet the merits of the case.



THE SEASON since St. Swithin has not been genial, and the low temperature has not been good for anything except the root crops. We had many hot days in June, but there was no uniformly high temperature, and the nights were cold, so that the mean heat for June comes out at barely an average. This makes the subsequent low temperature the more serious, and we fear that the chance which existed at the end of June, that we should have an average field of wheat per acre, must now be abandoned. In the North there is a good deal of growth in the wheat yet, but then it is not the North which can make or mar the English wheat harvest. In East Anglia, the Fens and Lincolnshire, wheat is yellowing, is a regular plant, with well-filled ears, and sturdy on the stem. But then the plant itself is rather thin on the ground, and with the July rains blight has spread rather seriously in parts. Barley has been beaten down locally by hailstorms, but it is in most places of high promise. Oats should be over an average yield, and the good returns of this crop and of barley should balance the deficiency in wheat. Great difficulty has been experienced in getting in the later hay, and the loss under this head has, we fear, been rather severe. The potatoes begin to show disease in districts hitherto free, and although we still hope for a good yield of the tubers, the great hopes of a month ago must now be modified. Hops show an increase of mould, as was to be expected, but the return of settled fine weather in August would still preserve for us a fine growth of the Kentish and Worcestershire plant. The flower garden has suffered from the rains; the roses are almost over, and the lilies have been a good deal knocked about. Privet is in flower, early dahlias and sunflowers are appearing. A fine August is now the country's hope.

NEW AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—Among the new exhibits at recent Shows we have noticed a new chaff-cutter, with double-cut gearing, by Harrison's, of Leigh; a very ingenious and novel turnip-cutter, by Nicholson's, of Newark; a most useful litter-cutter, by Richmond's, of Manchester; a winding drum ploughing and traction engine, by Barford and Perkins, of Peterborough; and a new cream-separator with a good cream-receiver, by Lamm, of Stockholm.

FORTHCOMING SHOWS.—Among agricultural exhibitions now drawing near, that to be held at Liverpool on the 5th of September and four following days is likely to be one of the largest and most important of the year. Over 3,500/- will be given as prizes, and the Show will include all sorts of farm stock, produce, and implements.—The Isle of Wight Show will be held on the 5th and 6th of September, the Worsley Show on the 17th August, that of Keighley on the 18th, of Filey on the 19th, and of Leigh on the 25th. The Horse Show at Manchester on the 6th of August and four following days is expected to be a very large one. There will also be Horse Shows at Cardiff on the 19th of September, at Buxton on the 15th of August, and at Wakefield to-day (Saturday).

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY have just held their annual meeting, Inverness being this year the place selected for the Show. Short-horned cattle were an exhibition of much merit, and Mr. Bruce did not obtain the prizes which fell to his lot for other than very fine animals

of remarkably good points and style. Mr. Macwilliam showed a splendid shorthorn cow in Golden Wreath, and she obtained the first prize; Merry Maiden, belonging to the same owner, being second. The polled Angus cattle attracted much attention, though they were perhaps not so great a show as we should have expected to see at the great Highland gathering of the year. The Galloways and Ayrshires were disappointing. The mountain black-faced sheep were a fine show, but Cheviots were not good. There was a small show of good quality Shropshires, and a somewhat scanty exhibit of Berkshire pigs. The attendance at the Show was fair, but it would have been far greater in all probability but for the wet and dismal weather which prevailed.

SAXMUNDHAM LAMB SALE was well attended this year, and nearly 7,000 lambs were penned, chiefly grey-faced and Suffolk lambs. The Loudham Hall stock were well represented, and they made a very good price—6s. 6d. a head.

THE WEST MIDLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW at Whitchurch has been a success. Mr. Brierley showed in Empress Eighteenth a yearling heifer of very remarkable beauty and merit, and this animal took first prize in a well-filled class of excellent animals. There was a splendid show of Shropshire sheep. As many as fifty shearing rams competed in one class. Mr. Beach and Mr. Matthew Williams were the two first winners. The tenant farmer's class was very well filled, Mr. Mansell in especial sending some capital rams. Mr. Topham's ewe lambs were beautiful creatures, and gained a well-merited prize. There was a poor show of very fat pigs.

HARDWICK SHEEP.—The flock masters of the Lake district have recently had a busy time, for clipping has been general among the Hardwicks, and "the boon days" are still observed in this part of the country. All the neighbours for miles around assemble on given days at special houses, and complete the clipping on one day, the host finding refreshments. It is not unfrequent to find half a hundred clippers simultaneously at work. Hardwick mountain-fel mutton is not a thing to be despised, the Royal table being by no means the only one among our great Houses which is constantly supplied therewith.

CATTLE STATISTICS.—According to some figures recently published the money value of our cattle is 150,000,000/-, of our sheep 70,000,000/-, and of our pigs 10,000,000/-, making a grand total of 230,000,000/- for live stock. The annual produce may be reckoned at about 12,000,000/- worth of butcher's meat and dairy produce are imported yearly, and the annual value of live stock imported is given at 8,000,000/. These figures we will not vouch for, but we believe they are fairly representative of facts, and give a just idea of the vast interest, not only of the farmer, but of the whole nation, in keeping out disease among our flocks and herds.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Sheep-stealing has become so rife in Pershire that a society for its suppression has recently been formed.—Mr. Laird, of Rickling, in Essex, is said to have a pig which, after being accidentally buried under a haystack for three months, was discovered at the end of that time—alive!—The total attendance at the "Royal" Show at York was 128,114, against 82,788 at Reading in 1882.

BERLIN is the most densely populated capital in Europe, the average number of inhabitants being estimated at 60·61 per house. In Paris the average is 26, and in London 8 persons to each house.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BY ELECTRICITY is proposed by an ingenious American. The criminal is to be placed in a peculiarly constructed chair, and "shocked" to death instantaneously by a strong electric current.

THE FIRST NATIVE FEMALE LAWYER KNOWN IN INDIA has been admitted to a local Court in Madras, to practise as private pleader in magisterial cases. She is the wife of a native Christian missionary, and has entirely adopted European habits, although she still wears the native dress.

THE FUMIGATION OF MAILS from the East is carried out most systematically at Marseilles during the present cholera alarm. The mail-bags are carried into a large laboratory by postal officials kept in quarantine, and the contents are scattered abroad on tables. The room is then hermetically closed and thoroughly fumigated, being finally well ventilated. Then the ordinary town postal officials enter by a door at the opposite end of the room, refill the bags, and carry them off, without coming into contact with any one in quarantine.

THE SUNDAY OPENING OF THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION before its close is urged by the Sunday Society, who have prepared a memorial on the subject to the Prince of Wales, as President of the Exhibition. In order that no extra work may be entailed upon the regular officials, the Society offer to provide the necessary attendants. As usual at this time of the year, the Grosvenor Gallery will be open free to the public on Sunday next, under the auspices of the Sunday Society. The members themselves visited the Gallery last Sunday, 364 persons being admitted in the course of two-and-a-half hours.

SWIMMING SOIRES were the favourite fashionable recreation at Washington, U.S., during the recent "heat wave"—so says the *American Register*. A huge rink was converted into a swimming bath, brilliant with the electric light and surrounded by broad balconies, where the friends of the swimmers could look on, whilst listening to a first-rate band. Large swimming parties were organised, the ladies appearing in most elaborate bathing suits, although as yet American belles have not adopted the latest French fancy of an appropriate bathing toilette for each day of the week. Thus at Dieppe the ultra-fashionables don the "Huntress" costume on Monday, the day sacred to Diana; on Tuesday, Mars' day, they appear in semi-military garb, and so on.

A VERY ANCIENT COPY of the Book of Deuteronomy, declared to be as old as the Moabite Stone, or some 900 years before Christ, has just been brought to England. The text is written in Phoenician letters on decayed scraps of dirty sheepskin, and though some of the characters are plainly visible, others cannot be deciphered until the page has been lightly washed with spirits of wine. This copy contains some notable variations from the accepted text, particularly an extra Commandment, "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart;" whilst the First and Second Commandments are joined into one, thus preserving the orthodox number, ten. It was obtained by Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, from some Arabs, near Dibah, in Moab, and is being closely examined to test its authenticity.

PERRANPORTH, near Truro, was the scene of a strange accident and rescue last week. A man wandering on the beach found his retreat cut off by the tide. He then attempted to climb the cliffs, but when half-way up he found progress impossible, and descent certainly fatal. The ledge on which he was supported would only give space for one foot, and the ground to which he clung above was loose and crumbling. After hanging for some hours in this awful suspense, he was seen from above, and eventually a coast-guard named Regan essayed to reach him, being let down by a rope some 100 ft. on the face of the cliff. Even when Regan was alongside there was great difficulty in getting the other man off, but at last, by a sudden and strong grip, Regan seized him and swung off the ledge, descending to a broader one somewhat lower down, whence the two were rescued with comparative ease. The rescue was watched with breathless interest by a small crowd, who made a very fair collection for the gallant rescuer, Regan.

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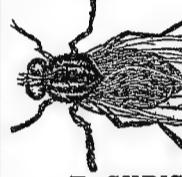
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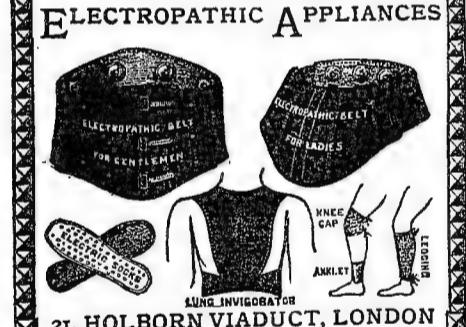
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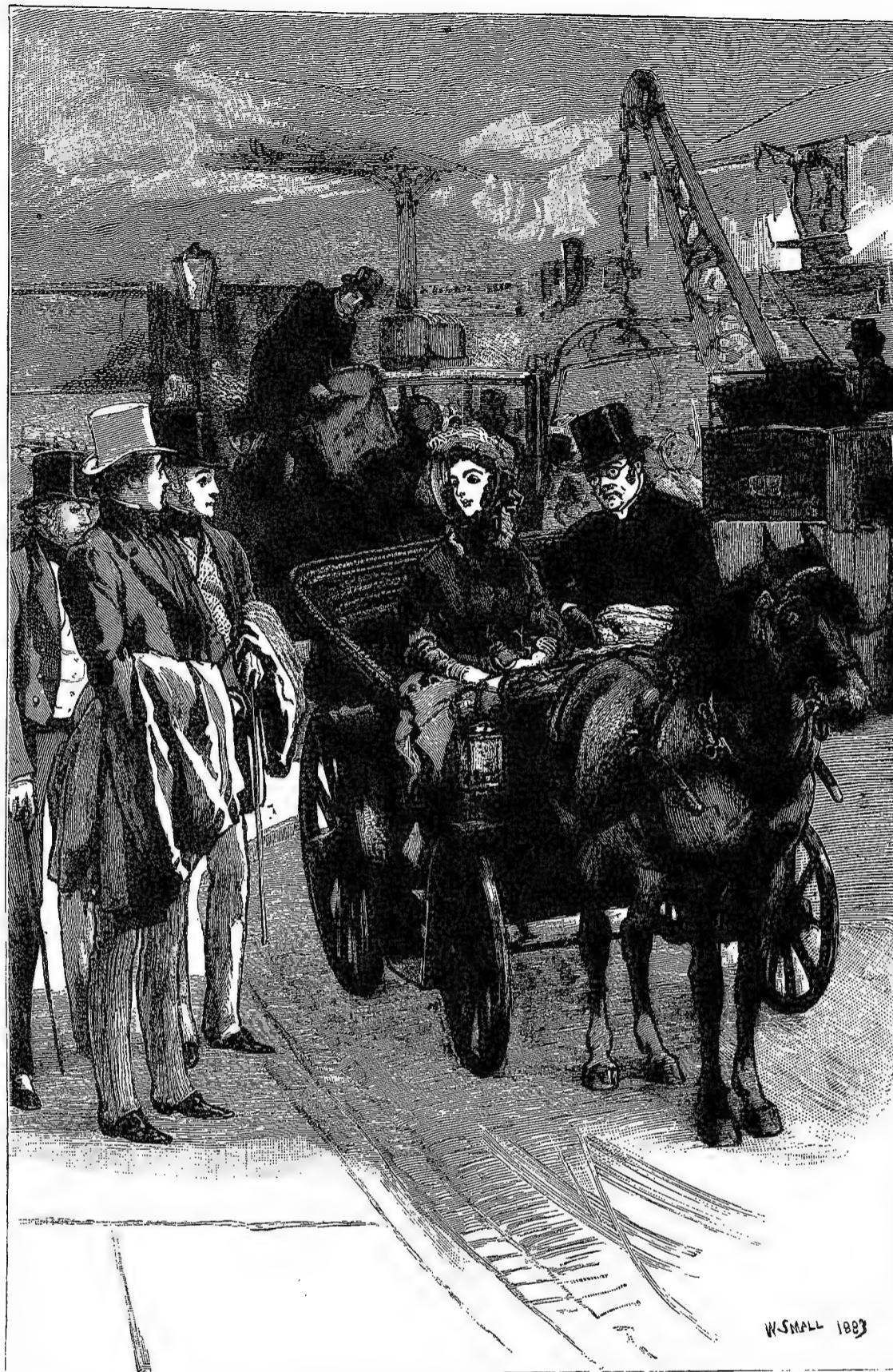
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There was Maud, sitting in the pony-carriage.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE, DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

MY UNCLE IS DISAPPOINTED IN ME

I was not altogether pleased with my uncle's quiet conviction that I should soon cease to think about the skeleton in the family cupboard which had been so tardily dragged forth from its hiding-place for my inspection; but the event proved him to be right in this, as I am bound to say that he was in most things. I did not think then, and don't think now, that he was right in having kept me all those years in the dark. As to whether he had been right in his treatment of his son, that is a point upon which I have never yet been able to make up my mind, and at this time of day it is hardly likely that I ever shall.

One judge, whose summings-up, if somewhat difficult to forecast, were always decisive, and who was seldom disposed to endorse any act or deed of Mr. Le Marchant's with the stamp of her approval, was upon this occasion openly, not to say triumphantly, on his side.

"I have been delighted to hear," said Mrs. Farquhar, accosting me the next morning with a good deal of affectionate warmth, "that your Uncle Bernard has at last made up his mind to do the right thing. It is what we should all be thankful for; for he is over given to vacillation, poor man, and just a wee bit obstinate besides, between ourselves. But all's well that ends well. Better a finger

off than aye wagging, as we say in Scotland: he'll be easier in his mind now that he has chosen his heir, and knows who will come after him. And, indeed, I think he might have made a worse choice," the old lady added, nodding at me, and patting me on the back in an exceedingly flattering manner.

I thanked her; but pointed out that the finger alluded to in her graceful figure of speech could hardly yet be considered as having ceased to wag. My uncle, I said, had done nothing more than take me into his confidence; he had formed no final decision as to the disposal of his property, and had expressly warned me that he did not contemplate forming any. But Mrs. Farquhar listened to this disclaimer with a smile of amiable derision.

"Oh, ay; he would say that," she answered; and it was evident that she was in no mood to grudge unimportant concessions to a character feebler than her own. "It's just Bernard's way to make a show of leaving things open, and to pretend he can step out through the window after the door is locked behind him; but I'm not afraid of his breaking his neck in any such foolish fashion. Depend upon it, he would never have spoken to you about the matter at all, if he had not known very well that there was only one course open to him. I believe he has really made his will, too."

There was an interrogative inflection in these last words.

"He can make another to-morrow," I observed.

"But he won't," Mrs. Farquhar replied confidently. "He'll not

do that; you may take my word for it. When duty and inclination pull the same way, it must be a very perverse man that would hold back." She added presently, with a laugh, "I should know something of the way Bernard's inclinations pull him;—haven't I been doing my best to get him to disinherit you for the last ten years and more? And all in vain!"

There was nothing surprising in Mrs. Farquhar's inclination and sense of duty (which always pulled harmoniously together) having drawn her in one direction for ten years, and then whisked round and hurried her in the opposite one at the end of them; but I was curious to know the cause of her inconsistency in the present case; so I put the question to her point-blank. She sighed and shook her head, saying that it was a long story, and that she would rather not go into it now that it was all over: immediately after which she proceeded to relate it to me in all its length.

Mrs. Farquhar, it appeared, had from the first taken a much more lenient view of Harry's offence than his father had done. Cheating at cards was very wrong, of course; but it was evident that in her eyes this form of iniquity was not a great deal worse than many others into which young men are liable to fall, and that the punishment which had overtaken the culprit struck her as out of all proportion to his sin. She had, therefore, laboured for many years to bring about the reconciliation which Christian duty, natural affection, and regard for the perpetuation of the family name had alike seemed

to demand. She had corresponded with Harry pretty regularly; she had even seen him once or twice; she had always exhorted him to keep a good heart and bide his time; and if her efforts had been unsuccessful, it was because she had had to contend, not only against my uncle's passive obstinacy, but against the active opposition of Mr. Farquhar, who, she allowed me to infer, had been a man of limited intelligence and uncertain temper.

"But I would never have let that discourage me," she declared; and I quite believed her. No! it was neither difficulty nor weariness that had caused her to swerve from her purpose, but the conviction, slowly and unwillingly admitted, that Harry was not one who could be safely trusted to maintain the credit of the Le Marchants. "I'm afraid he's just a ne'er-do-well," she sighed, speaking sadly, yet with an undercurrent of resignation which was almost satisfaction in her tone—"a ne'er-do-well, and—a spendthrift. I should tell you that I have supplied him with funds from time to time, not knowing how large an allowance your uncle has been in the habit of making him; for he entirely deceived me as to that. And he has never done any work, or tried to do any. For some time past I have felt that I must give him up; and lately I have heard worse things of him. They say"—here Mrs. Farquhar lowered her voice to an awestruck whisper—"they say he is—eh! well—given to his bottle."

This announcement did not shock me so much as she apparently expected that it would do. That a proscribed man, with no occupation, should take to drinking was not very strange: nor could I see why one who had sunk so low as my luckless cousin had done should be abandoned as irreclaimable on account of one additional vice. But it was hardly likely that my theory of morals should accord with Mrs. Farquhar's, and it did not seem worth while to interrupt her. She went on to say that, after seeing me, she had come to the conclusion that—whether by good luck or good judgment she would not take upon her to determine—Bernard had made a happy hit in adopting me, and that she believed it to be the will of Heaven that I should occupy the place which Harry had forfeited.

I saw no reason to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Farquhar's conversion. Without vanity, I certainly did consider myself entitled to a rather larger share of respect than my uncle's natural heir could lay claim to, and I also thought it highly probable that my personal fascinations had had their effect upon this appreciative old lady. What I did not quite understand at that time was her intense dread of riotous living in a pecuniary sense. It was, I believe, by no means her partiality for me, but her recent discovery that the man whom she had supposed to be an out-at-elbows pauper was really in receipt of a sufficient income, that had scared her, and led her to desert his cause. She was anything but an avaricious woman—indeed, she could be extremely generous upon occasion—but she loved order and economy, and would never have forgiven herself if she had been the means of handing over the Thirlby acres to a proprietor who would probably sell or mortgage them.

I did not get much more information about Harry out of her. She had ceased to answer his letters, she told me; she did not know where he was then, nor, for that matter, where he was likely to be at any given time. She knew that he was sometimes in London, because she had more than once met him there by appointment; but his usual custom was to wander about in foreign countries, "living by his wits, I fear," she said with another sigh.

Upon the whole, I gathered that the man was a sort of *chevalier d'industrie*. Doubtless he was a bad lot, and doubtless also I was entitled to accept with a clear conscience the reversion of his birth-right; yet I disliked the idea of playing Jacob to anybody's Esau. I took it into my head that it would be rather a fine thing to discover and reclaim this prodigal, to restore him, weeping and repentant, to his sorrowing father, and then to go out into the world to seek my fortune, with nothing to trust to beyond my natural talents and the interest of the very small fortune which my parents had left behind them. What is the good of being young if one is not to indulge in the sublime and ridiculous notions which belong to youth? I had a fine stock of these, together with many other youthful and useful attributes; among which latter was a faculty of receiving impressions and casting them off again with marvellous rapidity. For a day or two, my mind was almost exclusively occupied with Harry's fortunes and misfortunes; but as he was not again spoken of by any of those about me, and as I presently returned to Oxford, where I found numerous matters of importance to attend to, my uncle's prophecy was ere long fulfilled to the letter, and, although I did not forget what I had been told, I ceased to think about it.

I can't look back on that period of my career exactly with pride; yet those were merry days, and, all things considered, I am not so much ashamed of the way in which I spent them as I perhaps ought to be. I was lazy and rather extravagant, but except in these trifling particulars, I believe I did no great harm to myself or my neighbours. I was not selected to form one of the University eight; and at this distance of time I may say what I could not have admitted then, that my exclusion was both a surprise and a disappointment to me. Being thus debarred from a safe outlet for superfluous energy, I fell back upon other forms of diversion, and devoted my time to playing the fool very noisily and enjoyably in company with sundry young gentlemen who are now old gentlemen, and whom respect for grey hairs and honourable position forbids me to mention by name. I wonder whether Archdeacon Blank (so to call him) remembers that Easter vacation that we spent together, the incidents of which, as related on many subsequent occasions by one of us—I won't say which one—added so greatly to our joint renown. I suppose he can hardly have forgotten those bygone pranks; and yet, when I met him the other day, he altogether refused to understand my discreet insinuations, and persisted in talking as though he had been an Archdeacon all his life; whereas he must know perfectly well that, as lately as thirty years ago or thereabouts, he did not wear a shovel hat and gaiters, but a short driving-coat, with buttons as large as soup-plates, and a pair of nether garments of a window-pane pattern.

I say that the future Archdeacon—who was a sad dog in those days, and liked to be told that he was so—persuaded me to pass that Easter vacation in his company, I having determined not to go home—for reasons. The truth was that I had promised to get Maud a dog; and, after due and anxious search, I bought that dog—as well-bred a broken-haired terrier and as good a ratter as ever I saw in my life—and paid five pounds for him; and what better excuse for writing to her could I have than to tell her of the acquisition that I had made, and to dwell a little upon his noble qualities? Well; I got a most unpleasant snub for my pains. She did not even deign to answer my letter; but I received an illegible scrawl from the Rector, who informed me that he wrote in great haste (never did I know the Rector write otherwise than in great haste)—to say that Maud was very much obliged for the trouble I had taken, but that really they had too many dogs about the place as it was, and that, upon the whole, she must ask me, with many thanks, to keep my new purchase for my own amusement. The Rector added, on his own score, that he hoped I didn't encourage the little beggar to worry cats; a cruel practice, and one which he understood was coming far too much into favour with young fellows. Not, mind you, that he had anything to say against a charge of shot upon occasion. Such a method of getting rid of a poaching beast of a tabby was merciful and necessary; but—&c., &c.

I hadn't the patience to finish his letter. I was very angry indeed; and my feelings were so deeply wounded that I resolved to punish Miss Dennison and myself by not showing my face in Thirlby before the summer. So Blank and I went off together in a high dog-cart, and we drove through several counties; and the games

that we carried on, and the scrapes that we got into and out of, it will become me to dwell upon; since it seems that my former companion wishes all memory of them to be buried in oblivion. It will be understood that mine was a hollow gaiety, and that the recklessness of my conduct was merely due to a Spartan determination to conceal the aching of my heart. I am not aware that Blank had any such excuse to bring forward in justification of his goings-on.

George Warren, who at this time was reading hard for his degree, and had little leisure for desultory conversation, must have been bored almost beyond endurance by the love-sick Jeremiads which I inflicted upon him occasionally when under the influence of an access of low spirits. But he always listened to me patiently, and said what he could, in his quiet, sensible way, to console me. From all that he had observed, he was inclined to think that Maud was favourably disposed towards me, and that the incident of her refusal of the terrier was one to which too much importance should not be attached. Nevertheless, it was his opinion—an opinion expressed with a good deal of proper diffidence—that Miss Dennison was not the girl to engage herself to any man until he had done something to prove himself worthy of her. To be a good judge of a dog was all very well; but it was not exactly the sort of gift which would be likely to earn for its possessor a distinguished career. "And you see, Charley, Miss Dennison—as far as I can judge—is just one of those ladies who would wish her husband to be a distinguished man."

I assured George that he knew nothing about women, and he at once admitted his ignorance; but I felt that there was something to be said for his view, and that at all events it would be desirable that Maud's future husband should be in a position to earn his bread, whether with or without distinction. George, who had a conviction, which I partly shared, that I could do anything that I really desired to do, suggested that I might make a beginning by reading for honours; but this method of achieving fame found little favour in my eyes. I was getting rather tired of Oxford, which I had never liked half as well as Eton, and I was eager to get out into the world and have done with preliminaries.

It was while I was in this disposition of mind that I received a letter from my uncle which excited and elated me considerably. "My brother Tom," he wrote, "has been interesting himself on your behalf, and I have just heard from him that he has succeeded in getting your name on Lord —'s list for the diplomatic service. He fancies—and I am disposed to agree with him—that this profession would suit you as well as another; possibly better than most. Write and tell me what you think of it. Diplomacy, as I dare say you know, brings no grist to the mill; but perhaps, under all the circumstances, we need not consider that an insuperable objection. If you decide upon adopting it, you will have to set to work upon certain special subjects without delay; for Tom tells me that the list is an unusually short one. I am not sure whether it might not be better for you to leave the University without taking your degree; but this and other matters can stand over until we meet."

Nothing could have chimed in more harmoniously with my inclinations. In these days of democracy and telegrams and penny newspapers, diplomacy has lost much of its *prestige* and doubtless also something of its power; but thirty years or so ago it was more respectfully thought of. Echoes of the fame of some great professors of that art still lingered in the air; a few were living, and enjoyed a European celebrity; and although among these was no Englishman—or at best, only one—there seemed no reason at all why the credit of the nation should not be retrieved by a young and brilliant addition to its staff of representatives abroad; while it was obvious that an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary would be a sufficiently distinguished personage to satisfy Miss Dennison's ambitious desires. "Perhaps a recruit might chance to shoot Great General Boneyparty," I remarked to George Warren, who, in his dull, unimaginative way, had pointed out to me that Ambassadors are commonly elderly men, and are not invariably selected from the ranks of the service which they adorn.

A few weeks after this George and I went down to Norfolk together. George had taken his degree—a second—and was in a mood of temperate triumph, but I, who was taking no sheaves home with me, except, indeed, a sheaf of unpaid bills, was in far higher spirits than he. George, poor fellow, was going to be a lawyer—to labour and grind in dusty chambers and frosty law-courts through long years, and perhaps earn a mere pittance at the end of all; whereas I was going to be a gay *attaché*, to see the world in the pleasantest acceptance of that term, and to take my place by right in the innermost circles of its society. The difference between us was enormous; and he admitted without question the superior brilliancy of my destiny. I don't think it ever occurred to modest old George to doubt my superiority, even intellectually; and when a little delegation, composed of the Rector and some other neighbours, met us at the station and greeted him with effusive congratulations and hand-shakings, he stared and stammered and looked appealingly at me, as if he thought—which no doubt he did—that they had got hold of the wrong man.

I did not grudge George his honours, academical or other; nor did I mind the Rector's looking over his shoulder to call out, "Now, Charley, my boy, you do as much—do as much, if you can!"—which was the only greeting that he vouchsafed to me. It was not the Rector's applause that I coveted; and what, after all, was a second? A distinction of which it was more than likely that Maud did not understand the meaning. And this suspicion of mine received speedy confirmation; for, when we had passed out of the station to the road, there was Maud herself, sitting in the pony-carriage, waiting for her father; and almost the first thing that she said to me was:

"What is it all about? I suppose George has done something wonderful; but an ignorant person would hardly guess it. If there are seconds, there must be firsts, and surely it is rather a poor compliment to a man to make such a fuss over him because he has finished behind a whole class of others. It is as much as to say, 'Who would have thought of your getting placed at all!' Now, it would never have struck me, for instance, that I ought to congratulate you upon having nearly, but not quite, got into the University Eight." And with that unkind and uncalled-for allusion she drove away.

It was some days before I saw her again. Not that I did not make many attempts and invent divers ingenious pretexts to secure a meeting; but, from one cause or another, none of these proved successful; and when I did meet her, it always so chanced that there was a third person present. For more than a week this constant ill luck pursued me. If I lay in wait for Maud in the village, all I gained by it was the privilege of sharing her society with Mrs. Bunce, or some other intrusive old woman; if I walked over to the Rectory, there was no getting rid of the Rector; and although, upon these occasions, she was as friendly as ever, that was not what I desired. I wanted to see her alone, and I was not at all sure that I wanted her to be friendly. At least, I wished her to show some consciousness that there had been a coolness between us, and that it was owing to that coolness that I had absented myself at Easter; whereas she appeared determined to ignore both these circumstances. At the end of a fortnight it became evident that Maud was avoiding me purposely; and I was growing very indignant, not to say sulky, when the opportunity which always comes to those who wait came to me.

On the north-east shore of Thirlby Broad, in the part where the reeds and rushes are highest, and where the woods meet the water, there is a little quiet creek, in which, long ago, a rotten old flat-

bottomed punt used always to lie moored. It was seldom visited, save by sportsmen, the treacherous nature of the ground over which it must be approached making it somewhat difficult of access; and indeed the spot has no attractions powerful enough to tempt any one into risking a wetting in order to reach it; unless it be at the hour of sunset, when, looking down the vista of reeds, you get a curious narrowed view of what looks like a lake of fire. Seen thus, as through a funnel, the distance is greatly exaggerated, so that to the eye of the imaginative spectator those dazzling ripples appear to stretch far away to the very edge of the world, and to lose themselves at last in the bosom of the great sinking sun himself. Some ragged stakes rise, huge and black, in the foreground, and in the middle distance is a tiny islet overgrown with bulrushes; but the opposite shore cannot be seen, because of the mist which hangs over it, and which seems to form one with the red glory of the sky. Such as it is, that scrap of landscape has remained clearly stamped upon my memory, from which the outlines of many more notable ones have faded away; for it was at the spot and the hour which I have attempted to describe that I came unexpectedly upon Maud Dennison one still summer evening, and it was then and there that an interview of the highest importance and interest took place.

I had strolled down to the broad to satisfy myself as to the well-being of some ducks which Bunce and I had left among the reeds as a decoy; and it is probable that, if I had had the smallest suspicion that I was likely to encounter Maud in the course of my walk, I should not have arrayed myself in my oldest clothes and a pair of high wading-boots. There, however, she was, sitting in the punt, with her back turned towards me and her hands clasped round her knees, and I could not allow a mere question of costume to stand between me and the happiness of joining her. She started up from her contemplation of the sunset when the splash of advancing steps caught her ear, and, on recognising me, made as though she would have disembarked and retired; but she did not act upon this impulse, because, for one thing, she could not have stepped upon firm land without some preliminary manoeuvring with the punt-pole, and, for another, I was not going to let her escape; and doubtless determination was written upon my brow.

"Why do you always treat me as if I had the plague?" I asked reproachfully, after I had waded up to the side of the punt, and had been allowed the privilege of holding her slim fingers for a moment. "You would have bolted now, if it hadn't happened to be physically impossible; you invariably do bolt as soon as I appear. I wish you would tell me why."

As she made no reply, I added pathetically, "And I had such lots of things to say to you, too!"

She had resumed her seat and her former attitude, and was now once more devoting the whole of her attention to the sunset, instead of to me. "Say on," she returned composedly.

"I will," said I, "as soon as you have answered my question."

She turned her head for a moment to inquire, "Did you ask me a question?"

"You know I did. I asked you why you always run away from me now."

"Oh, I am sure I never ran."

"You walked very fast, at all events. Honestly now: isn't it true that you have been trying to keep out of my way for the last fortnight?"

Maud hesitated for a short space; but at last made up her mind to say, "Oh, yes; it is quite true, since you will insist upon knowing. I have my reasons for wishing to deprive you of my company just at present."

"And might I inquire what those reasons are?"

"No; you might not. They are stupid reasons. Or rather, they are good reasons enough of their kind; only they can't very well be talked about without some embarrassment—which is certainly stupid. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not a bit," I replied.

"Ah, then I am afraid you will have to remain in a state of dissatisfaction. That will help you to sympathise with me; for, if ever any one had cause to be dissatisfied, I have. My power in the parish is a thing of the past: Mrs. Farquhar meets me and beats me at every turn. I suppose you know that she has quarrelled with the Ebenezer man, and is coming back to church with a whole flock of parishioners at her heels. What makes it so humiliating is that I was bringing them round, one by one, and she knew it. She fights like Napoleon, by moving large masses, which is quite destructive of all the finer tactics of warfare. But I don't want to talk about my afflictions: let us hear one of the many things that you have to say to me."

I observed that, to begin with, I should very much like to know why she had scorned the dog which I had been at such pains to select for her.

"More questions!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I wish you would try to adopt some other style of conversation, Charley. I hate answering questions."

"And letters, too, it seems," I remarked.

"My father answered yours for me. I didn't scorn the little dog at all; I was very sorry to be obliged to refuse him. But—well, I had a reason for that also."

"And also a reason that can't be mentioned?"

"A reason that it would be embarrassing to mention, as I said before. And yet," she added, after a momentary silence, "I don't know why I should allow myself to be embarrassed by it, after all: perhaps you may as well be told. It was only that Mrs. Farquhar came to call, one day, and said disagreeable things about our being so much together. What she says is of no great consequence, perhaps; but it made me rather angry at the time, and I was determined that she should have no excuse for doing it again."

Maud delivered herself of this explanation in a perfectly unconcerned voice; but it seemed to me that a faint reflection of the pink sunset glow had found its way into her cheeks.

"So that's why you wouldn't have poor old Scamp," I exclaimed. "Now I understand it all; and if you only knew what a weight you have lifted off my mind, you would wish you had spoken a little sooner. I left the poor little man up at Oxford, because I thought it would be unfair upon him to bring him into company where he was despised; but now I shall send for him at once, and I shall be very much astonished if you don't fall in love with him at first sight. I suppose you won't consent to accept him yet; but I consider that he is your property, and I shall hand him over to you as soon as we get rid of Mrs. Farquhar. And that won't be a very long time I suppose; but it made me rather angry at the time, and I was determined that she should have no excuse for doing it again."

Maud, with her chin supported by her hand, was gazing at the misty distance, and made no rejoinder for some minutes. "You ought not to speak against Mrs. Farquhar," she remarked at length; "she is quite devoted to you."

"I don't want her devotion," I returned ungratefully.

"You may want it some day;—though it is very uncertain whether you will keep it, I should think." And then, after another interval of silence, "You have been let into the family secret, I hear."

"Yes. Did you know of it all along?"

"I guessed what it must be; and then Mrs. Farquhar spoke about it quite openly. She thinks all will go smoothly now; her only fear is that you may be quixotic enough to hunt out the lost sheep and abdicate in his favour. She asked me whether I thought you were likely to be so irrational as to cut your own throat; but I told her I didn't know you sufficiently well to give an opinion. It was then that she began to make unpleasant speeches."

(To be continued)



We have carefully read Mr. A. P. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" (Trübner), and we strongly recommend all who take any interest in transcendental speculation to do the same. It is one of those fascinating books which defy you to lay them down after you've once begun, or to forget after you've once read them. It falls in so well with that craving for certainty about the after life which is felt all the more widely now that so many are deeply dissatisfied with the popular conceptions of heaven and hell. Not till one has read many chapters does one pause to ask how Mr. Sinnett came to know all this. In his former book, "Occult Science," he answered this question at length. Here he merely states the fact that certain masters of occult science, both in Tibet and in Southern India, felt the world was ripe for the disclosures which he has been commissioned to make. Why not made sooner? We may ask in like manner why millions on millions should have died before the Redeemer was sent. The answer in both cases is the same: the fulness of the time was not yet come. Now at last to the initiates, of whose existence no Oriental has any doubt, it seems good to give up the prolonged policy of concealment and to make a new departure. Why begin in the West, we might ask, instead of adding one more to those sects which are constantly cropping out in that East which has always been the chosen home of mysticism? And why confide a work of such stupendous importance to a writer in the Bengal *Theosophist*, instead of to another incarnation of Buddha? Such difficulties, however, will weigh but little with those whose mental fibre fits them for admitting the initial assumption that the theories which Mr. Sinnett makes known have been "evolved by the researches of an immense succession of investigators qualified for the task by possessing higher spiritual faculties than those of ordinary men." Grant what we have italicised, and all follows easily. Of course the scoffer will ask why these adepts in occult science should have made their chosen home in such a specially uncomfortable corner of the world as Tibet. But the Eastern method, Mr. Sinnett reminds us, is not an asking and answering of questions. Truths such as he brings forward "cannot be proved step by step; but you are enabled to search Nature for yourself, and verify its teachings in regions which our philosophy can only invade by speculation. And conviction comes through the development in each inquirer of the required faculties." So, in Christianity, the highest Authority of all tells us that doing His will is the way to know of the Doctrine. Of course an esoteric Buddhism implies an esoteric Christianity. If true, these underlying principles must hold for all religions. This Mr. Sinnett only hints; but, of course, it is what gives importance to his book, and distinguishes its planetary chain, and human tide wave, and spiral advance, and cyclic law, and doctrine of failures, from the reveries of hundreds of dreamy young people. He takes care to tell us that his is not the only movement in this direction. "The Perfect Way," published some two years ago, contained much occult teaching; so did M. d'Assier's "Essai sur l'Humanité posthume." Of course there are points of contact between his system and spiritualism; a medium, for instance, is one whose *aura* has the power of drawing to him or herself an ex-human shell or elemental. Yet the book is as far as possible from being a mere spiritualist treatise, though it helps to explain what is most puzzling in so-called "Psychic Phenomena." We wish all who have adopted the magazine article dictum that three-fifths of the human race hold a faith whose main hope is in annihilation would read how Mr. Sinnett explains Nirvana by insisting on the distinction between personality and identity. But though the book is from beginning to end most fascinating for all who have a turn for what we still venture to call transcendental speculations, Mr. Sinnett confidently styles them the facts of occult science.

Social development in Texas must have got into one of those turns of Mr. Sinnett's spiral which look like going back. At least such is the feeling with which we lay down Messrs. Sweet and Knox's "On a Mexican Mustang" (Trübner). Mexican justice is purblind enough; but the improvement on it since San Antonio became independent is to hustle a Mexican defendant into the jury box, the number of jurors not being complete, and the intention being that he shall at once serve as prisoner and juror; and then, while the counsel is out getting a drink, to seize another Mexican who drops in to look on, and (Mexicans being all alike) to put him in the dock, whence he is speedily transferred to jail, convicted of horse stealing. That is a sample of the stuff of which our authors give us nearly 700 pages. After the first hundred it becomes wearying, despite the elaborate joke instead of preface, and the clever illustrations, and the amusing account of Braunschweig and its attempted colonisation by the Adelsverein. One may have too much even of the excellent fooling as that of Messrs. Sweet and Knox. The book should have been published in parts, or as *feuilleton* in a Galveston paper.

Very different, and thoroughly *bon à fide*, is Mr. Wilfred Powell's "Wanderings in a Wild Country" (Sampson Low). Mr. Powell, commissioned by several Sydney gentlemen, spent three years in exploring the hitherto unknown parts of New Britain and Ireland. His ketch of only fifteen tons could be managed with sweeps, and so was kept off shore amid the many and dangerous currents. It was he from whom Mr. Brown, the militant Wesleyan missionary, sought help when four of his native teachers had been killed and eaten; and he takes on himself the whole blame (or credit) of the consequent little war by which the missionary prestige was re-established. He comments on the great mischief of selling muskets to savages, "dangerous enough as they are;" he holds native teachers to be a mistake: "their light is not sufficient;" they often preach that *lotu* (Religion) will bring a big ship full of beads, cloth, &c.; and they are not respected by the natives. "Use white men; even if they cover less ground, they do it more thoroughly," is his advice. On the vexed question of how massacres of whites originate he gives an uncertain sound. In his appendix he has a ghastly story of the agent for a German firm who just gets any one, white or black, murdered at his pleasure. This is capped by an account in his second chapter of a grievous kidnapping, the victims being, as usual, "shut up under a leaky roof (it was winter) to die like sheep." Who can wonder if the one survivor cherished no kindly feelings towards whites? Yet Mr. Powell thinks white outrages are exaggerated, and are by no means accountable for the majority of massacres. His account of the native way of counting is a valuable contribution to ethnological science, just as the Rev. Lal Behari Day's "Folk-Tales of Bengal" (Macmillan) are to comparative mythology. Those who remember Miss Frere's tales will be glad to compare the two collections, and see how the Rakshasas, for instance, figure in the Folk-lore of the two Presidencies. Years ago we read and delighted in Mr. Lal Day's *Govinda Siddhanta*, and we are heartily glad that he was led by Captain Carnac Temple's suggestion to collect the old women's stories to which the hero of that graphic account of Bengal peasant life is represented as listening. We fear, that, what with examinations, and Zenana missions, and the Albert Bill, there will soon be no folk tales in Bengal any more than in England. Besides its value to scholars, the book is a delightful present to a wonder-loving child.

Three excellent numbers of the "Antiquary's Library" (Elliot Stock) deserve more than a collective notice. "Caxton's Game and Playe of the Chesse" is a verbatim reprint of the first edition of 1474, with preface by Mr. W. E. A. Axon which is an excellent introduction to the literature of the subject. Caxton was but a

translator, Guido Colonna's treatise being the basis of his book; but then he had an ethical object, at which, Mr. Axon points out, he aimed much more directly than at any idea of teaching the game. It is delightful that the book which "Snuffy Davy" bought for two groschen and sold for 20*l.* and twenty pounds' worth of books, and which was afterwards purchased by Royalty for 170*l.*, can be bought for a few shillings by those (and they include the sensible part of mankind), who value a good reprint as much as they do an original. A good reprint it certainly is, paper and type and woodcuts exactly reproducing those of the famous book itself.—We had such a pleasing remembrance of Mr. Gomme's work on Folk Motes that we were prepared for a treat in his volume on "Folk Lore Relics of Early Village Life;" nor were we disappointed. Its scope is wide, ranging from the Hebrides to New Zealand, and taking in China and the American Continent. Naturally Mr. Gomme has gone to Aubrey; but he has not stopped at him. Mr. Mitchell's "Past in the Present" helps him not a little. From him he finds that the Irish used to warm their milk, New Zealand fashion, by throwing in hot stones, using also (we are told in Henry's "History of Great Britain") ovens of heated stones; but lest we should think this a mark of savagery we learn that in Wiltshire the bakers put a stone into the oven vault, a survival, as Mr. Gomme thinks, of days when Wiltshire was as savage as Ireland.—The third of these volumes, "Fairs Past and Present," by Mr. Cornelius Walford, contains a long account of Sturbridge (*i.e.*, Barnwell by Cambridge) and of Bartholomew Fairs, with a sketch of the origin of fairs and their existing condition, and a few words about foreign fairs. It is full of quaint matter, and well deserves its place in this valuable series.

One can't help thinking that after "Eight Years in Japan" (Kegan Paul) a man might have more to tell than Mr. Holtham has. One thing he never forgets to tell us—how he economised his champagne, and found hard work impossible on thin claret, and otherwise ate and drank. No doubt the prominence given to these items accounts for his prefatory apology being egotistic; but it does not account for the slangy style which pervades the book. We are sick of smart writing; and to say that "I enjoyed the ascent, but I dare say the coolies didn't," is the worst preparation for an account of a trip to that Nikko of which we never before heard even the most unsympathetic of British visitors speak otherwise than with admiration. The book is disappointing.

The "Catalogue of the York Gate Geographical and Colonial Library" (John Murray) is a volume of great value to students of geography and persons interested in colonial exploration. The collection, which has here been catalogued in a very full and complete fashion, with the aid of Mr. E. A. Petherick, F.R.G.S., forms a portion of the extensive library of Mr. S. W. Silver, of York Gate (till lately a member of the firm of S. W. Silver and Co.). This catalogue embraces Discovery and Travel as well as Colonisation in all parts of the world, and gives, in order of their date, and classified according to countries, the full titles of geographical books, including the contents of miscellaneous collections, such as those of Hakluyt, Purchas, Churchill, Burney, and others.

Continental travelling must, indeed, be within the reach of the million when it is found worth while to issue penny handbooks. Three of these are now before us; one for Holland, one for the Valley of the Moselle, and one for Eastern Belgium and the Ardennes. They are published at 12*s.* Fleet Street, and are edited by Percy Lindley, who gives a sufficiency of information in a pleasant gossiping style. They are also adorned with some neat woodcuts, and, being in pamphlet form, can be carried, without causing any perceptible burden, in a man's breast-pocket, or a lady's hand-bag.

COUNTRY CRICKET

THERE is a story told of a country umpire who, on being appealed to in a moment of doubt, unhesitatingly replied "Out!" adding with a chuckle of profound simplicity, "Hurray! I've won five bob!"—the same authority, I believe, who later in the day gave marked evidence of the wavering of his judgment by the following extraordinary decision, "No ball—wide ball—no, by Jove! He's caught it! Out. Over." To those accustomed to the game in its highest form at Lord's or the Oval, such an instance of venality and instability must appear in the highest degree incredible; but to any one whose powers do not entitle him to play for his county, and who has had experience of cricket in out-of-the-way provincial corners, nothing, however seemingly far-fetched, will be judged impossible, or even improbable. It was only the other day that in that remote spot, Bolesford, on the appearance for the first time of a noted University bat, who had the misfortune to place his leg in front of the wicket very early in his innings, Mr. Baggs, the miller and umpire, gave it as his opinion with great firmness that it was not out, appending for the satisfaction of the astonished and angry field the explanation: "I want to see the young gentleman bat."

At Bolesford, on great match days, play begins at eleven o'clock, and long before that hour the geese are driven off the common, and the pegs driven in for the ladies' tent. Half-an-hour later the ostler of the Jolly Gardeners marks out the crease as near as may be, and the first stragglers put in their appearance; Mr. Stebbings, the butcher, who bowls a desperate pace, Mr. Brown, the saddler, much esteemed for his underhand, and Mr. Stinch, the groom, especially renowned for the impartiality with which he whips all sorts of balls round to square-leg. At the Jolly Gardeners, on the edge of the common, preparations are being made on a large scale; the long room over the stable entrance has been swept for luncheon, and the tinkling piano dusted, the stone-china with the blue and white flowers descends from the shelves to the uses of common life once more, and in accordance with express request vast numbers of spring onions have been torn up for the cold beef, not without some observations, however, from the genteel Mr. Brown, who warmly questions the propriety of eating onions with ladies so near in the tent at long-leg; an objection met by Mr. Stinch in almost the precise words of a famous comedian, "I don't care a dam for the ladies, I will have bread and onions!" By this time the rest of the eleven have arrived, and are engaged in a lively exchange of compliments with Annie, the barmaid, who, as she is in the habit of seeing most of them at least once a day, is familiar with all their weaknesses, and plays upon them with complete facility; even to going the length of opening and reading aloud a mysterious note pushed across the counter by Mr. Gill, cab proprietor, in which (he himself being a notorious *gourmet*) the offer is made of his hand and a lobster salad. Punctually at the hour the opposing team selected by the local Member of Parliament to dispute the palm with Bolesford drive up in a waggonette from the house where they have been entertained at breakfast, and after much exchange of apparent jovial greeting an adjournment is made to the smoking-room to dress, and thence to the common to find fault with the wicket. Apparent jovial greeting only, for to the acute observer it is plain that the two elevens (this being the conquering match in a succession of six years) are profoundly jealous of each other, and will lose no opportunity that may arise for cheating, if it can be managed without any marked flagrancy, of which both are fully aware if only from the experience of past contests; and hence a certain tenderness in relations that otherwise seem frank and unconstrained. The Member of Parliament's team consists principally of an auctioneer, a veterinary surgeon, and three or four clerks and young farmers, the rest being merely personal friends from London who are staying in the house, the Member of Parliament himself performing the office of captain. Each side has provided an umpire, who eye each other disparagingly apart; the one being a waiter, who assists at the neighbouring

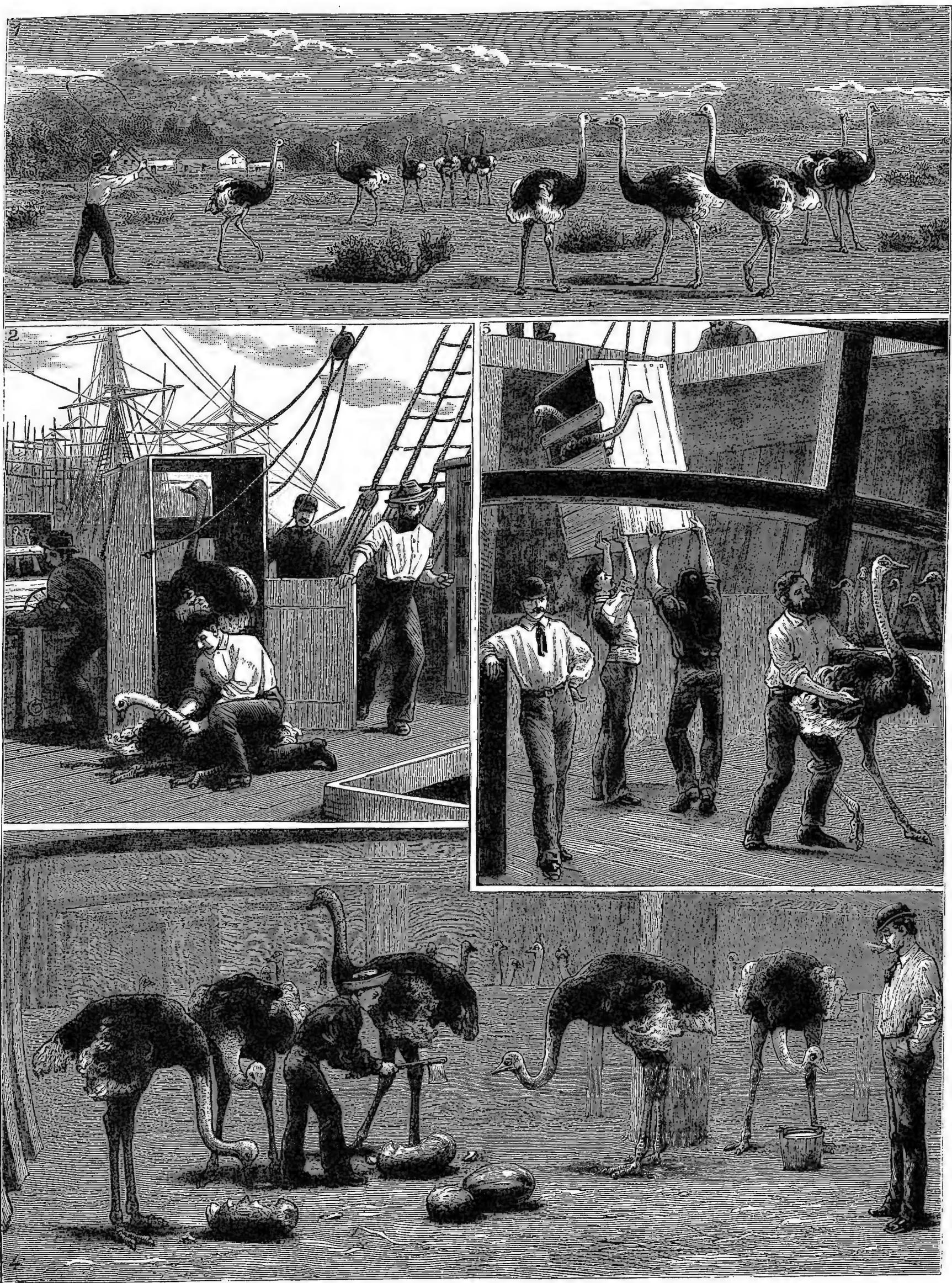
gentry's parties, and now appears in his evening trousers and a flannel jacket; the other the only constable of the district, with so complete a confidence in the honour of Bolesford to preserve the peace in his absence that he stands with his tunic unbuttoned, and his helmet so arranged as to exclude the sun from his left eye. "Play!" calls the constable, on being assured that all the preliminaries, down even to a trial ball, have been observed, and Bolesford scores the first six runs by the ball bumping over the long stop's shoulder, and losing itself in a furze-bush covered with linen. For the first hour varying fortune attends the game, and by the time the ladies come down from the house the telegraph board marks that five Bolesford men have gone for forty runs, among them the schoolmaster, who, having been run out through want of judgment on the part of Mr. Stebbings, the butcher, threw his spectacles on the ground and stamped on them. The scene is without doubt picturesque, and to the ordinary observer who knows nothing of the passions seething beneath, eminently peaceful. South of the common runs the high road, along which passes the traffic of the district; the doctor's gig, the nobility's landau, and in long array hay carts and waggons containing sacks of barley and empty fruit baskets, on which in the hot sunshine lie stretched the drivers asleep in all the uncouthness of rustic slumber. Further along, one or two carriages, full for the most part of children taking their morning drive, are drawn up to watch the game, and beyond them the tradesmen's carts, the occupants of which thus much delay the delivery of orders that they may report in the village how the Bolesford men are faring. Close by stand a row of ancient cottages, tumble-down and unwholesome, in strong contrast to the indigo merchant's new bright red house, shining with a broad glimmer of conservatory, under whose sheltering park walls sits the aged Brummie, who once hit a ball into Lord Nelson's carriage when he stopped to watch the game with Lady Hamilton, and who has missed no match or luncheon for sixty years. It is a pathetic sight to see him silently eating a scrap of cold meat among the noisy crowd in the long room of the Jolly Gardeners, and with trembling fingers filling and lighting his worn black pipe, few troubling themselves to notice the old man with the large hooked nose, the drawn mouth, and the fallen cheeks, who fought and was wounded at Badajoz.

At twelve o'clock the children come shouting out of school, and much increase the difficulties of those fielding out by tumbling up against their legs, and making unpleasant remarks when desired to retire behind the boundary flags. The majority have brought their luncheons of bread and meat and bread and jam, and these remain till half-past one; when, as the bell rings for their return, with a final whoop of derision they pull down the sheet behind the bowler's arm, and loosen the tent-ropes; not altogether with impunity, however, for the constable, discarding for the moment the character of umpire, swoops down upon them in retreat, and manages to capture a poor little mite with one eye, on whose blind side he made a dashing charge. By two o'clock Bolesford is despatched for eighty-three, not even the efforts of Mr. Stinch, who twice hit the ball amidst enthusiasm into his master's stable-yard, being successful in further raising the total. A move is now made for lunch; and, all taking off their cricket-shoes out of regard to the landlady's floor, the Member of Parliament carves the cold beef, and the schoolmaster carves the lamb.

At first complete silence prevails, broken only by irregular remarks fired from the length of the table at each other by the opposite heads, who differ considerably over the appearance of the hay-crop: but, as the sherry and the malt liquors flow, conversation increases in volume; and, when the veterinary surgeon has satisfied nature by twice to beef and gooseberry tart, he rises, in compliance with the general call, and, in a voice in which emotion and repletion struggle for the mastery, sings of "the miller's daughter, who has hair of golding hue." To him succeeds a porter with a comic song, the burden of which we repeat, in the hope that he will remember the second verse: but, as he informs us, "the line is locked" and his memory a blank, so he sits down to give place to a commercial traveller, who, with his hand in the bosom of his flannel shirt, gives us a Christy Minstrel ballad, with the fitful and melancholy chorus of "Mother!" Even the Member himself obliges, in his best undergraduate manner, with "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl." And then, after a speech or two, the majority go out to smoke and throw at the cocoanuts balanced in front of a dirty cloth on a corner of the common. Some few of the more convivial are left to linger over the sherry, which they employ in patriotic toasts, until the Royal family and the bottle both being, fortunately, exhausted together, with three cheers for nobody in particular, they separate, or, in the more delicate phrase of Wilhelm Meister, "glide apart." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if play for the next half hour is characterised by a certain wildness, or if the ball is thrown and hit with a hearty vagueness dangerous to all concerned; nor is any one astonished when long slip falls, apparently with a hiccough, in the act of fielding, and long leg starts at a great pace in the opposite direction to the ball, in the firm belief that he is pursuing it. The ladies return to their tent to drink tea, without which, indeed, they would not have come near us, and at half past four the children come out of school again and resume their tactics of the morning. By this time there is round the ground what is known as a "gallery," consisting of half-a-dozen carriages, a cart or two drawn up in front of the inn, a few haymakers asleep in the sun, and twenty or thirty quidnuncs on benches, who sneer and jeer at the catches occasionally dropped, or balls misfielded. For it must be confessed that the game is going badly for Bolesford, a young farmer being chiefly the cause, by the vigour with which he hits all sorts of balls, in all kinds of directions, with lusty impartiality; and, notwithstanding the gallant effort of the constable, who gives him run out, when it is plain to all (including the constable) that he is no such thing, the Bolesford total is passed, and the Bolesford flag is "fore." Still, though the match is lost, all excitement has not evaporated, for the other umpire, burning with shame at, or with a desire to emulate, the constable's crime (of which he is perfectly well qualified to measure the enormity), triumphantly decides a point in the batsman's favour which it is quite clear should be against him, and aggravates the wrong by a wag of the head in the constable's direction, evidently to be interpreted "You see there are others who can cheat besides you!" Then arise murmurs of discontent and cries of derision, which take articulate form from the lips of the schoolmaster, at point, who brands the offender with the fearful epithet of "unconsholeable raskill!" a charge about to be repelled by force, did not the Member interfere on his man's behalf with the declaration that it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, and that now they were quits.

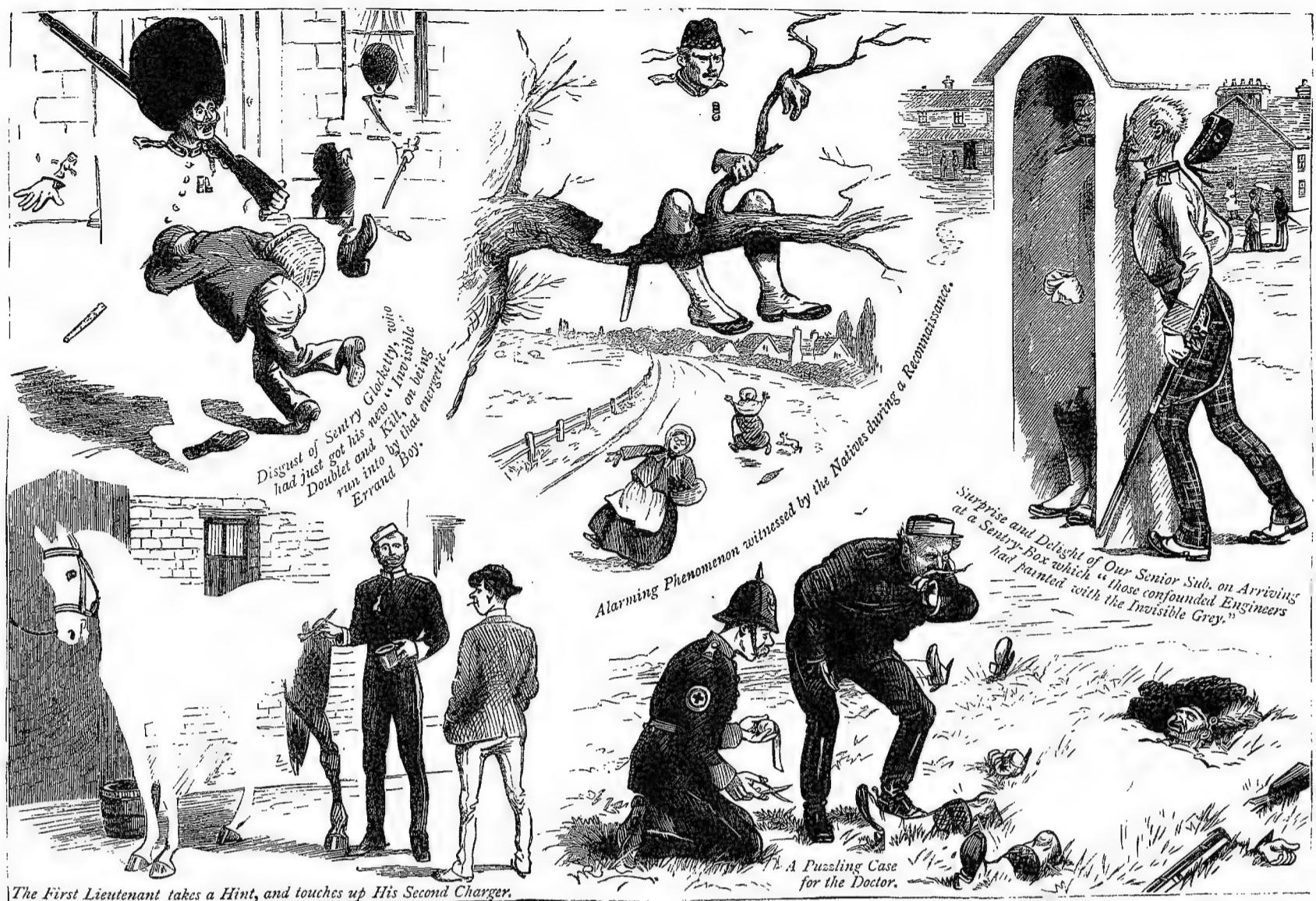
From that time to the drawing of stumps scarcely anything occurs worthy of notice; the only incident being the withdrawal of the ladies to dress for dinner, and the weariness of Bolesford, shown by the increasing lassitude with which they field, and the frequent inquiries as to the time. At seven o'clock the stumps are returned to the stable of the Jolly Gardeners, and the great match is over, Bolesford magnanimously surrounding the waggonette to cheer the victorious eleven, who return to the Member's house to supper. And thence they should have departed to their several homes, but two at least there were who somehow contrived to go astray; one, a young farmer, who was discovered by a shepherd at five o'clock in the morning fast asleep by the roadside, clasping his cricket bag, with his flannel trousers tied round his neck; the other the auctioneer, who knocked up half Bolesford, though, providentially, he omitted the constable, in search of his cousin, whom, he declared, resided thereabouts, though, in fact, living many miles away,—a trifling obliviousness never forgotten by Bolesford, who, for some time afterwards, always received his appearance in the cricket-field with ironical cries of "Have any of ye seen my coz?"

W. P.

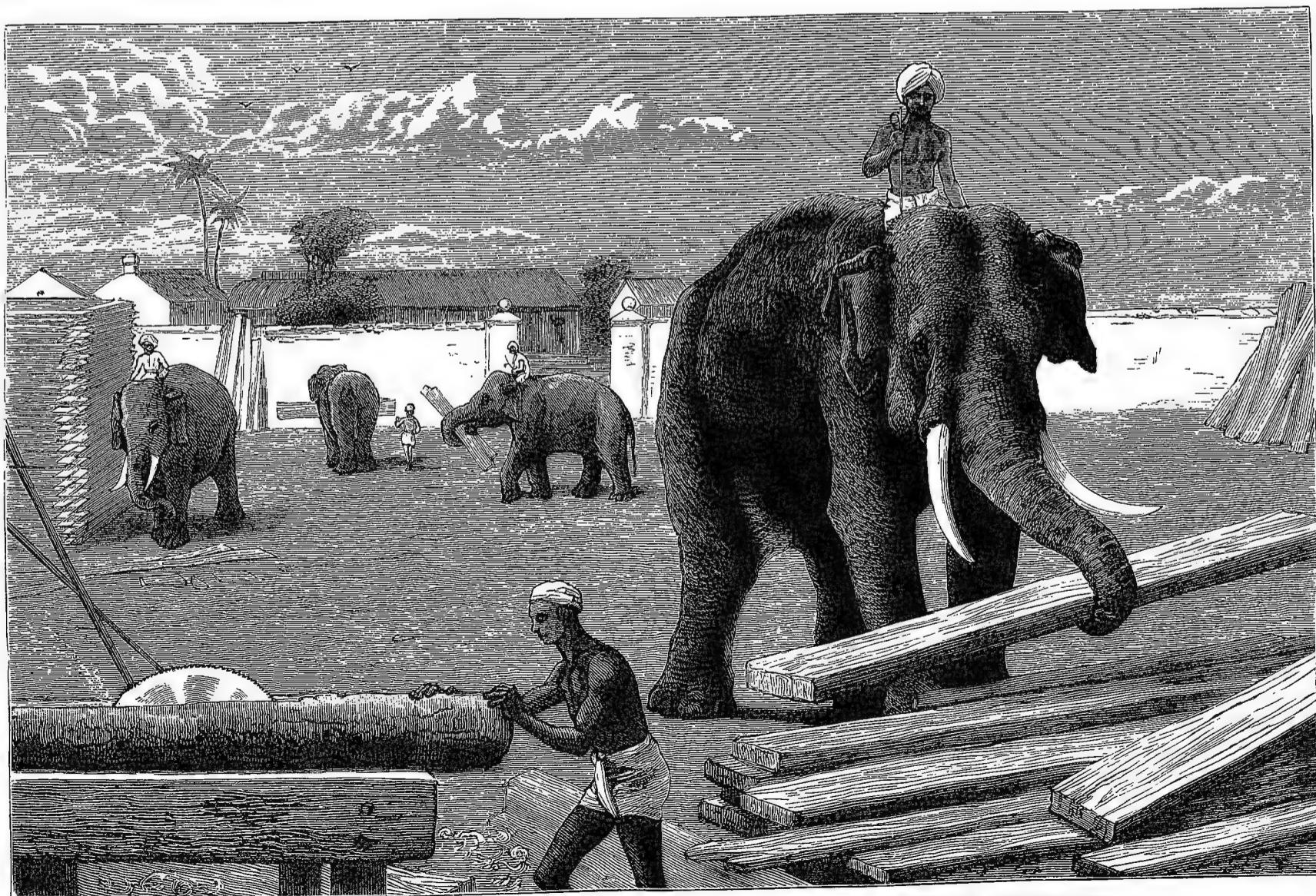


1. Ostriches on the South African Farm Where They Were Reared.—2. Attempted Escape and Recapture of an Ostrich on Board Ship.—3. Lowering the Birds Into the Hold.—4. A Queer Dinner Party—Ostriches Eating Apple Melons.

SHIPPING OSTRICHES FROM CAPE TOWN TO AUSTRALIA



"INVISIBLE GREY" AS A WAR PAINT
BEING PARTICULAR AND PROPHETIC REFLECTIONS THEREON, BY A. CLAYMORE MILES





"THE SENIOR SONGMAN," by the author of "St. Olave's," &c. (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett), contains two attractive elements—the story deals with music and the musical nature, and the scene is laid for the most part in a Cathedral city. The character of the Senior Songman of Crowthorpe Minster, Jacob Weird, is made the centre of interest. He is a man of genius, whom unhappy love, instead of strengthening, has transformed into an eccentric recluse, and, consequently, a standing mystery to his kindred and fellow-townsmen. The authoress has given him all her sympathy: but it is to be feared, or rather hoped, that not many of her readers will feel very strongly drawn to the man whom we are asked to regard as a moral hero because he is content to waste his life upon a sentimental memory. On the other hand, had the man himself been more worthy of interest, we should have been deprived of a really touching and dramatic situation—that, namely, where the adopted daughter, the child of his false love, who by her wilfulness has broken his heart a second time, comes back in all the triumph of a *grima donna* to find her glory poisoned by his death in its crowning hour. The touch of contempt which Jacob richly merits does not injure the pathos which belongs to the tragic aspect of weakness. The pathos, however, is a very long time in coming, and is hardly sufficient reward for the decidedly monotonous journey. As to the girl whose selfish belief in her own artistic destiny murders her benefactor, it is doubtful if her character has been quite grasped by her inventor. It is easy to see what she was meant for—a heaven-born genius for song, with a double nature, a child outside her art, but within its region a strong woman, who tramples over circumstances, and is devoid of all human feeling. It is something to have conveyed this impression, but it cannot be said that the portrait is adequate to the conception, and the result is little better than a shadow. It will have been gathered that the novel is fully charged with sentiment; but this is relieved by matter of a different character, such as an old world city and its neighbourhood can hardly fail to supply. It may seem hypercritical to mention such points, but the effect of the whole is considerably injured by the conventional, high-flown views of the musical profession, and by errors in detail. Why, for example, should the salary of the Dean be fixed at nine hundred a year, supposing it were needful to fix it at all? On the whole, the novel may be commended to readers of a quiet and sentimental turn as pleasing, though very far from strong.

There is decided cleverness in "Contradictions," by Frances Mary Pearn (2 vols., Bentley and Son). The principal Contradiction in question is Olivia Molyneux, who plots and schemes until she wins for herself, under false pretences, an unconscious rival's lover. The young man's trust and loyalty, however, under trying conditions prove infectious, and at the eleventh hour reach her deeper nature, which is inherently noble. Her love is conquered by a passionate longing to undo the evil she has brought about, while she dares not face the humiliation of a confession. Of course this situation implies its own obvious moral, and we think that the authoress has shown true knowledge of character by making her self-contradictory heroine fall back upon the weaker side of her nature for the means of bringing the complication, without punishing herself, to a happy end. To have suddenly transformed her into a real heroine, capable of settling things right by a *coup de théâtre*, would have been more dramatically effective, but would have as certainly been unnatural. Apart from the portraiture of Olivia there is little worth special mention; speaking generally, there are no serious blemishes, while there is in every respect much to commend. The central purpose is kept well in view, and the characters are selected and arranged so as to bring about the required situation by the simplest and most natural means. The style is as clear and as neat as the construction; and it is something to have added to the long catalogue of descriptions of Venice a picture which is welcome for its freshness as well as for its picturesque fidelity.

"Transplanted: The Story of a Country Town," by M. E. Fraser-Tyler (2 vols., Bentley and Son), is a wonderfully complicated labyrinth of love-stories, most appropriately described by the motto from Heine on the title-page, which may be thus roughly rendered:—

A young man loves a maiden,
Who loves another youth—
That other loves another,
And—

so on, *ad libitum*. One lady, having lost her rich husband, returns to her first lover, who will not marry her because she is wealthy and he is poor. This lover is beloved by another girl who is engaged to his brother, and it requires a sharp and sudden stroke to cut the knot to the reader's most moderate satisfaction. The authoress invariably writes well, and constructs her stories with literary skill, and she thus succeeds in interesting, legitimately if not profoundly, readers who can dispense with strong incident or elaborate development of character. Celeste Dubois is a winning and sympathetic piece of portraiture, and her two maiden aunts are amusing, especially the talkative one. Altogether "Transplanted" will maintain its authoress's reputation. It does something more than merely pique curiosity by its curious plot, and has some artistic value as the solution of an original complication.



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—"The Old Violin" is an old story with a new ending, a pleasing tale of an old violinist, who after much wandering finds his married daughter, and from his reception we should think lives happily ever after. The words are by Marmaduke E. Brown, music by Isidore de Solla. By the same composer is a very quaint and appropriate setting of Shakespeare's poem, "Who is Sylvia?" We commend this to the attention of a light tenor.—Two very sentimental songs, music by Arthur Harvey, are "There Was a Star," words by himself, and "I Miss Thee," words by Mrs. Hume Webster; they may be sung either by a tenor or soprano.—"Two Gifts," a tender little love poem, written by Lady Lindsay of Balcarres, and daintily set to music by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, deserves a foremost place in the ranks of concert ballads; it is suited for a baritone or low tenor.—Plenty of good work will be found in a "Fantasia" for the pianoforte by Henry C. Banister, which students will do well to master.—"Three Spanish Dances" for the pianoforte, by Algernon Ashton, are respectively "Pavane," "Sarabande," and "Fandango"; they are highly creditable to this clever young composer, and are only moderately difficult.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—A song which has already made its mark and won public favour is "Cloister Voices," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and H. T. Tywater; it is published in E and

G, and has a very effective organ accompaniment *ad libitum*, which is a great improvement to the whole.—Two songs of the sea with happy endings are respectively "Our Sailors True," written and composed by Ross Mackenzie and Edward Belville; and "The Maiden's Message," words by Cotsford Dick, music by W. C. Levey; both are of medium compass, and are suitable for musical readings.—"A Real Hero" is a descriptive song of great merit; the poetry, by Charles J. Rowe, tells of a fireman who loses his life in saving that of a little child. A true tale dramatically told; set to appropriate music by Florian Pascal.—By the same composer is "A Rustic Dance," from the comic opera, *Cymbia*, a very pretty piano-forte piece, moderately difficult.—Easy and tuneful is "Transcription" from Offenbach's comic opera *Luzette*, by George Buhl; it will certainly be a favourite with young performers.

MESSRS. AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.—A simple and cheerful ballad for the drawing-room is "Pretty Nothings," written and composed by F. W. Waithman and J. W. Dawson.—To say that Lady Ramsay of Banff has set to music worthy of its charming grace Shakespeare's beautiful sonnet, "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?" is no trifling meed of praise; a light tenor of cultivated taste will make a very lively impression with this song either in the drawing-room or the concert-room.—A cheerful sea song with a tragical ending is "Our Mate," written and composed by G. W. Southey and Theo Bonheur; compass from F, first space to the octave above.—"Vive le Soldat," a *galop militaire* for the pianoforte by Gustav Lange, is full of life and spirit, well worth the trouble of learning by heart.—Two remarkably graceful pieces for the pianoforte are respectively "The Glow Worm," a nocturne, by Louis Warner, which should be learnt by heart, and "Daphne," a gavotte, by Edward J. Sturges, which merits the same attention.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—A showy song for a soprano is "Like the Lark," the English words adapted from the German by W. Czerny, music by Franz Abt.—"Fond and Firm," words by John Czerny, awarded the first prize out of the surplus of Balfour's Memorial Fund, Dublin, March, 1883; there were twenty-three competitors, which bears witness to its excellence; it is written for a soprano of medium compass.—Under the collective title of "Pleasant Pastime" are six easy duets for two violins, arranged and fingered by Oscar Wagner; players on this instrument will find these pieces a very useful addition to their *répertoire*. No. I. and V. are "Murmur Soft, Ye Breezes," and "May Time" (J. B. Wekerlin); No. II. is "Sweet Chiming Bells" (Franz Abt); No. III. "Christmas Carol" (E. Marlois); No. IV. "When Comes the Day" (Mendelssohn); No. VI. "The Festive Day" (Cuccone).—A quaint little piece for the pianoforte, entitled "Chanson de la Bouquetière," by J. B. Wekerlin, will infuse cheerfulness into a dull "At Home" when more classical works have failed to produce that effect.



THE season has again come round when we must look for fashionable attire not in the park or the Row, but far away by river-side and sea, or on sunny lawns. This is the month when country visiting and general holiday attire claims our attention, as although not many of our readers can command seventy toilettes, as did an American heiress recently married, yet they like to have as great a variety as their incomes will allow.

A few hints and suggestions may be of service to our young readers about to start on a visit for a month or six weeks as to what costumes are most suitable for the season. August is very often one of the warmest months of the year, although a wet cold day slips in occasionally, and should always be prepared for. Breakfast and morning dresses: it is well to be provided with four, as excepting for tennis or garden parties, the young people will seldom make any change in their toilettes until they dress for dinner. One should be made of oxidised silver grey sateen with a skirt arranged in very small close pleats from the waist to the hem; polonaise simply draped at the back, trimmed with Bulgarian embroidery and cream lace; a small toque hat of the same materials as the costume, or a shady grey straw hat with poppies and grass. Another, of batiste, a fawn-coloured ground over which are scattered Parma violets. The skirt made plain with a pleated flounce of violet batiste under the hem, which is cut out in deep pointed scallops, edged with cream lace; the over dress, made with a waterfall back, the bodice gathered at the shoulders, open to the waist in front over a violet sateen waistcoat with a full lace jabot. This model may be made in pale blue with pink rose buds, and the upper dress of grocer's blue trimmed with English embroidery. With the first-named dress a bonnet of moss and Parma violets looks pretty, with the latter a capote of plaited straw (like the seats of chairs, just now very fashionable in France), and a bouquet of roses at the side. A third costume of white Indian muslin, flounces, edged with lace, to within a quarter of a yard of the waist, with a pink or blue brocaded sateen bodice, and paniers trimmed with satin rosettes and pearl buckles. The fourth costume, which will not soil so quickly as the other three, is made of black or dark blue batiste, thickly covered with small flowers or multi-coloured spots, a deep kilted skirt, tunic caught up at the side with rosettes or buckles, blouse bodice, straw hat trimmed with black velvet, marigolds, and marguerites. A stylish and useful intermediate costume for a chilly day or for travelling, of black and white shepherd's plaid in a very soft woollen material, made with very small close pleats from the waist to the hem, a swallow-tailed coat, black velvet collar and cuffs; there are two vests to be worn in change, the one to match the dress, the other of white Sicilian. For travelling, a toque hat, to match the dress, and for other occasions a black and white straw hat lined and trimmed with black velvet, and a large bunch of poppies. For a garden party on a warm day a very pretty costume is made of cream-white nun's cloth with seven pleated flounces edged with narrow pink satin ribbon in three straight rows; Princess tunic of pink nun's cloth some shades darker than the ribbon, simply draped at the back; the bodice, made with soft folds, opens in a point to the waist over an embroidered muslin or tulle tucker. This design may be carried out in a variety of materials and mixtures. For a chilly day a ruby velvet coat may be substituted for the pink tunic and bodice; a Leghorn flop hat, with quillings of yellow tulle inside and out, and a bunch of fruit may be worn with this dress. We recently saw three painfully realistic green apples, one very much worm-eaten, in a hat; the effect was neither pretty nor pleasant. If fruit be used let it look ripe and tempting. One or two skirts to be worn with velvet or satin bodices will be found very useful. They are flounced to the waist with black or white Spanish lace about four inches deep; if carefully cleaned they will look as good as new, and do not require to be picked to pieces. Another pretty dress is made of shrimp pink Ottoman silk or satin duchesse, with a skirt of cream satin and lace, draped with cream nun's cloth and loops of pink satin ribbon. For a ball dress a dainty combination of lace and tulle, or silver gauze, the lighter and more diaphanous the better, with real or artificial flowers, always looks elegant, but unless

a ball is really on the cards it is well not to provide a toilette, but only to take the materials, which can soon be made up by the skilful fingers of the owner, if she has any taste, as packing always crushes such fragile materials. Autumn mantles are not yet thought of, but a well cut tailor-made jacket is indispensable at this season.

Lace as a trimming still keeps its hold upon public favour, in fact it is, if possible, still more popular than it has been for some time past, owing to the recent Exhibition of Irish Lace at the Mansion House; this statement will prove satisfactory to those of our readers who have been tempted to patronise this industry more or less liberally, either at the Exhibition, or at the after-sales of the various firms who exhibited there. Visitors to French or German watering-places will find a stylishly-made lace bonnet very useful. We saw one intended for Trouville, which was very elegant; a foundation of creamy-white satin was covered and trimmed with real Irish point lace (Youghal), on the left side was a spray of Marshal Niel roses, and a real variegated butterfly. The Limerick tambour and run laces will be much worn for trimmings, *fichus*, &c., they are so light and graceful. For velvet dresses, especially for children, the Spanish crochet, Jesuit crochet, and imitation guipure are very appropriate, being rich and somewhat heavy in appearance. Some of the imitation *point de Venise*, made at Kildare, is so successful a copy that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the best models of the ancient lace, whilst it is produced at much less than half the price; in fact the varieties of laces known as "Clones" find favour, and are much worn in Paris, Vienna, Brussels, and New York.

On dit that alpacas, mohairs, and other lustrous materials, which have been quite out of fashion, having been superseded by cashmere and other dull fabrics, will soon reappear under new names; these revivals may be accounted for by the reappearance of full skirts and crinolines or crinolines.

For tea gowns lace is the favourite trimming. A Princess gown of Royal blue velvet trimmed with white Spanish lace has an excellent effect when lightly touched up with salmon-pink ribbon. For the hostess of a country mansion, a useful breakfast dress is made of Indian cashmere, with pines on a dull blue or neutral ground, trimmed with thread-coloured lace or English embroidery.

Buttons form quite an important part of a dress; we were recently shown an artistic collection of these necessary means of fastening our dresses, made to match any style, colour, or material. Birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles in great variety; fables after Aesop in dozens, and designs after Japanese legends; a very pretty set was of mother-o'-pearl, design, the crescent and the cross; another set was of smoked pearl, called "The Artist's Buttons," a raised palette in gold thereon; then there were sporting buttons with horseshoes, coins after the antique, veritable works of art, filagree gold and silver, with raised figures, rich and elaborate cut steel buttons, in fact every style that you could imagine or desire, and many more beside. Purled lace and tabliers were quite unique as to design and workmanship.

Just a few words as to the bonnets of the period, which, like the omnibuses at fashionable French-watering places, are quite à volonté. The newest shape is "The Jeannette," which has a very high coronet in front, and is becoming to all styles of faces. A variation on the original sailor hat is made with a straight high crown, trimmed with bands and loops of gold braid, a velvet torsade and ostrich tips. A very pretty fine straw bonnet, a small poke shape, is made of very fine tobacco-brown straw, trimmed with velvet and small plumes, shaded to pale gold, fancy large-headed gold pins to match. Another bonnet, a very high poke shape, was of terra-cotta coloured velvet, with natural-sized and most tempting-looking apricots. A bonnet of pale gold-coloured satin with gold net over it, a profusion of cream lace and amber-coloured ostrich tips. A very elegant bonnet was made of cream lace with Tuscan-coloured velvet, marguerites, yellow gorse, and field daisies. Equally pretty were two bonnets, the one entirely composed of velvet nasturtiums, from the darkest to the lightest shade, with their leaves, and the other of pearl white goffered tulle touched up with gold, at the side a bouquet of mountain ash berries and foliage. A bonnet made on a large scale, like a cottage roof, consisted entirely of moss profusely trimmed with dandelions. Still more startling was a very large poke bonnet, the crown of gathered lace and gold wire, trimmed with a couple of dozen walnuts, hollow we presume, blossoms and leaves.

LORD ROSSLYN'S SONNETS

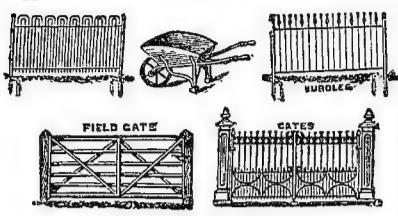
SOME bygone critic has stigmatised sonnet-writing as being the amateur's form of poetry, and it must be confessed that the charge is true in a great preponderance of cases; but it is another matter when we meet with such a volume as "Sonnets," by the Earl of Rosslyn (Blackwood). Setting aside the mere mechanical structure of the verse, which, with few exceptions, is as nearly perfect as it could be, we find in these sonnets a genuine ring which shows the true poet, whilst they embody much earnest thought, humanity in its highest and noblest sense, and a quaintness of conceit to match which one must go back to such men as Donne or Andrew Marvell. Take as examples of this last distinguishing feature the two poems entitled respectively "To an Infant" (page 9), and "To my Wife" (the third of the series so-called); in the former, nothing could be happier, considering the circumstances, than the opening apostrophe, "Thou guiltless-guilty, innocent-evil mite," whilst in the latter the ingenuity of the alternation between Fear and Hope is almost above praise in its kind. Some of the memorial sonnets are extremely graceful and touching, more especially those on Princess Alice (note the second quatrain in this), and on Major Whyte Melville, which just now has pathetic significance: somehow it reminds one, with a difference, of one of Keats's best, the one on his brother's birthday, though the subjects of the two are widely apart. For the charm of tender simplicity nothing in the volume surpasses "Bedtime," and for intensity of feeling "Dead." But by far the finest thing in the book is "Chisellhurst," a really noble dramatic outburst, which we cannot refrain from quoting entire:—

Dead! my one Boy—my only one—and Dead!
Sirs, do not mock me, say it is not so.
He was the Hope of France—nay, let me go,
I am his mother; life cannot be fled
From those young eyes, and that beloved head
That should have worn a Crown; a Crown of woe
Truly I wear for him—though fallen so low,
An Empress still, dethroned and banished;
I crave your pardon, now I cannot weep,
Henceforth I weep for ever: Gone! all gone!
Throne, Husband, Child, all snatched away from me!
A childless widow prays you, sirs, to keep
Some kind thoughts for her. She is all alone,
Her heart is broken by much misery.

If Lord Rosslyn can write sustainedly in this strain, we have still amongst us a potential dramatist of no mean order. The mind is constantly arrested throughout the book by pithy lines which rise almost to the worth of apophthegms, e.g., "We prize God's simplest blessings all too late" (page 64), and many of the poems breathe a spirit of fervent, though unobtrusive devotion, which should recommend them to the thoughtful; one sonnet entitled "The Knighthood of the Cross" is exceptionally striking. Altogether this volume is a poetical treat such as we do not meet with every day.

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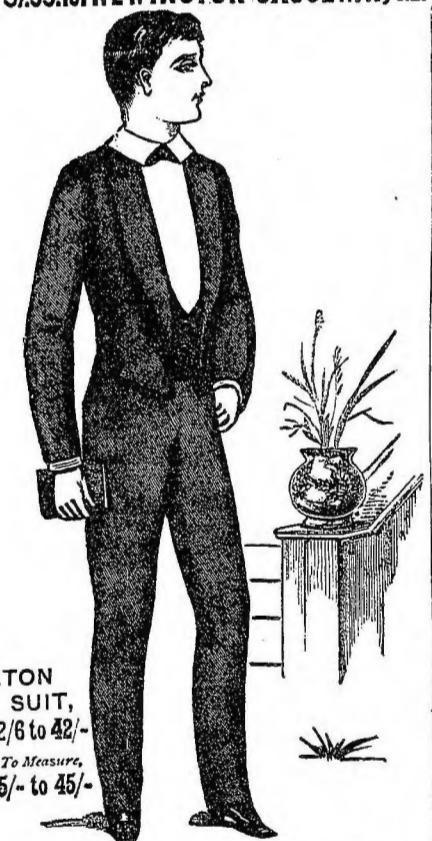
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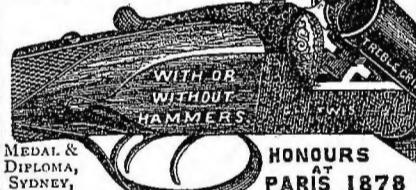
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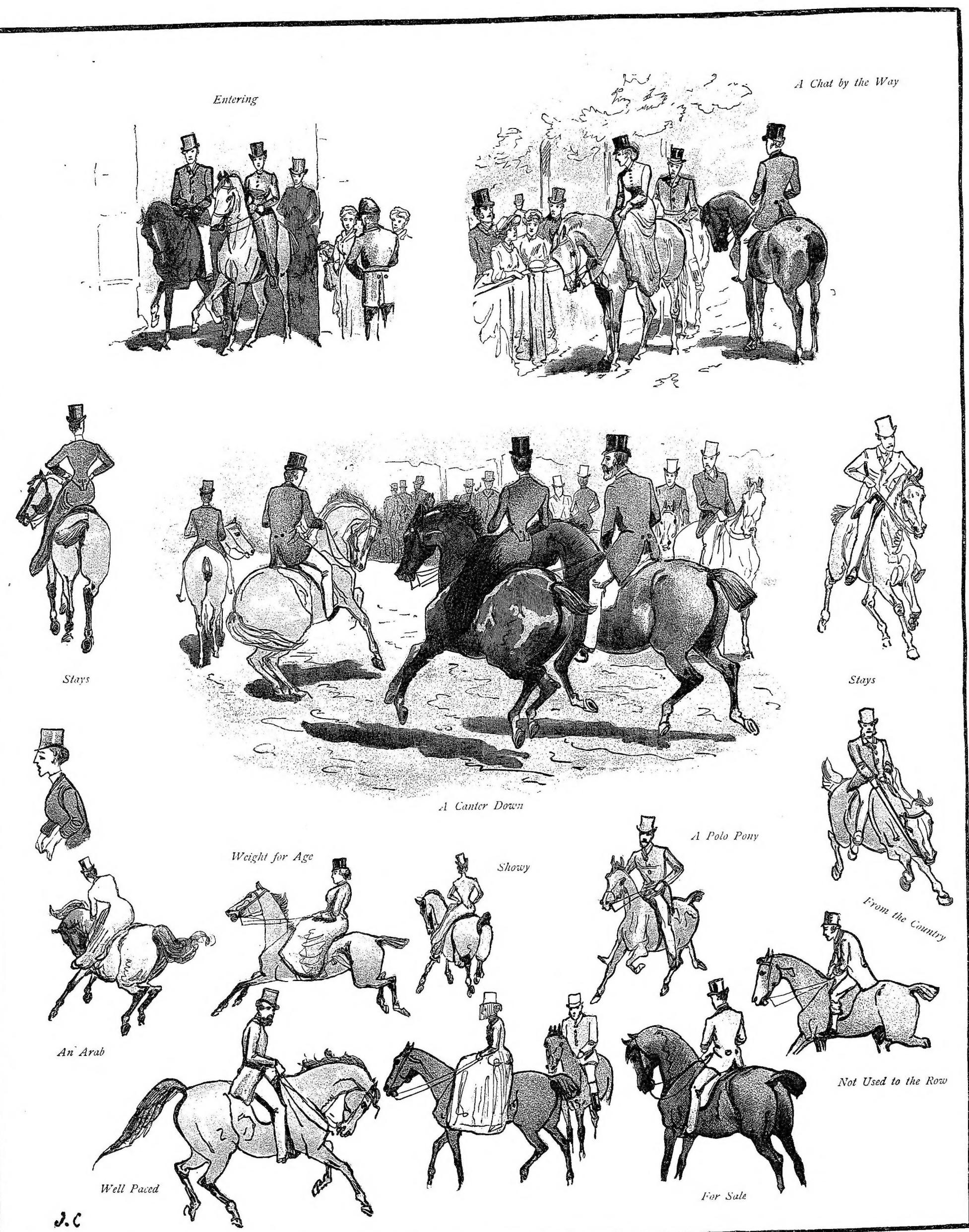
Note Address—The Pall Mall Electric Association, Ltd., 21, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM : 28, BROAD STREET. PARIS : 32 bis, BOULEVARD HAUSMANN.

PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, LTD., 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

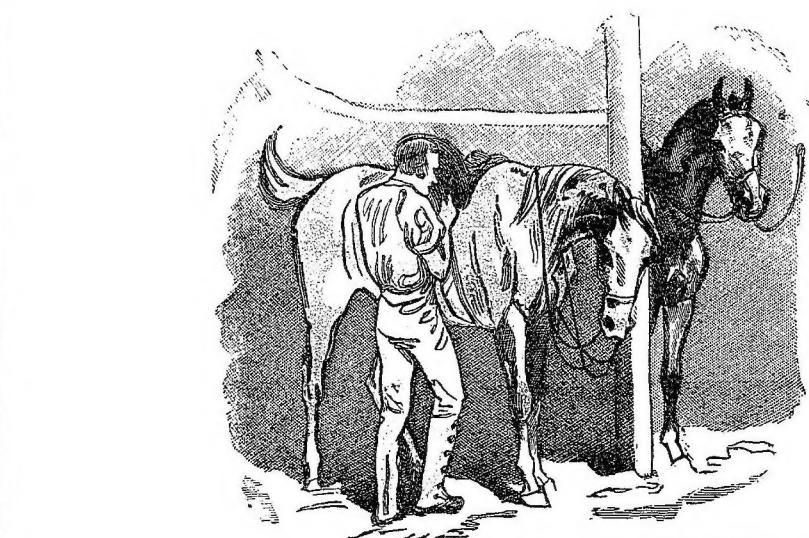
The Brush back and handle is a new UNBREAKABLE material, resembling ebony—a combination of substances PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT ACTING IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS and FOLLICLES.

This power can always be tested by a Silver Compass accompanying each Brush.

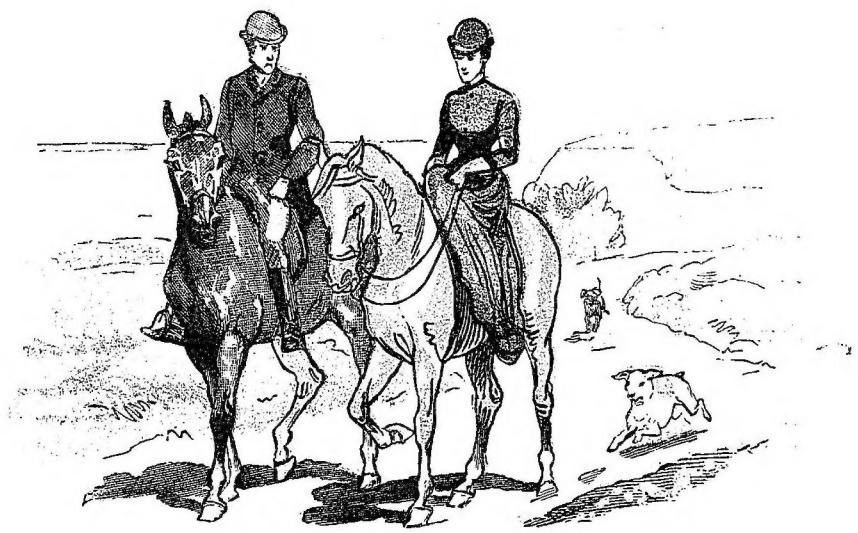


Way

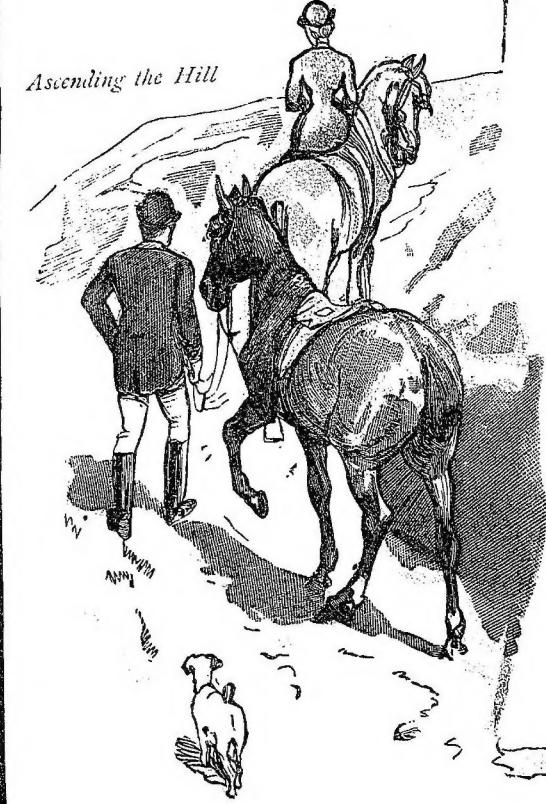
Getting Ready



On the Road



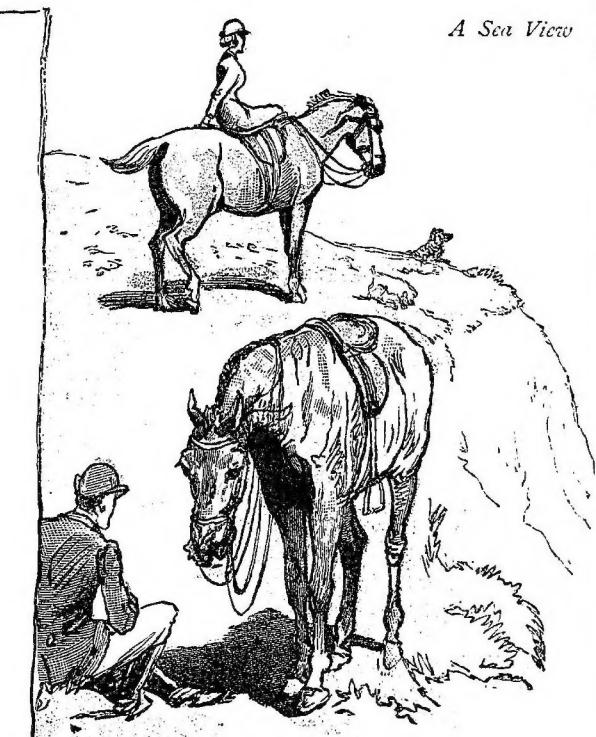
Ascending the Hill



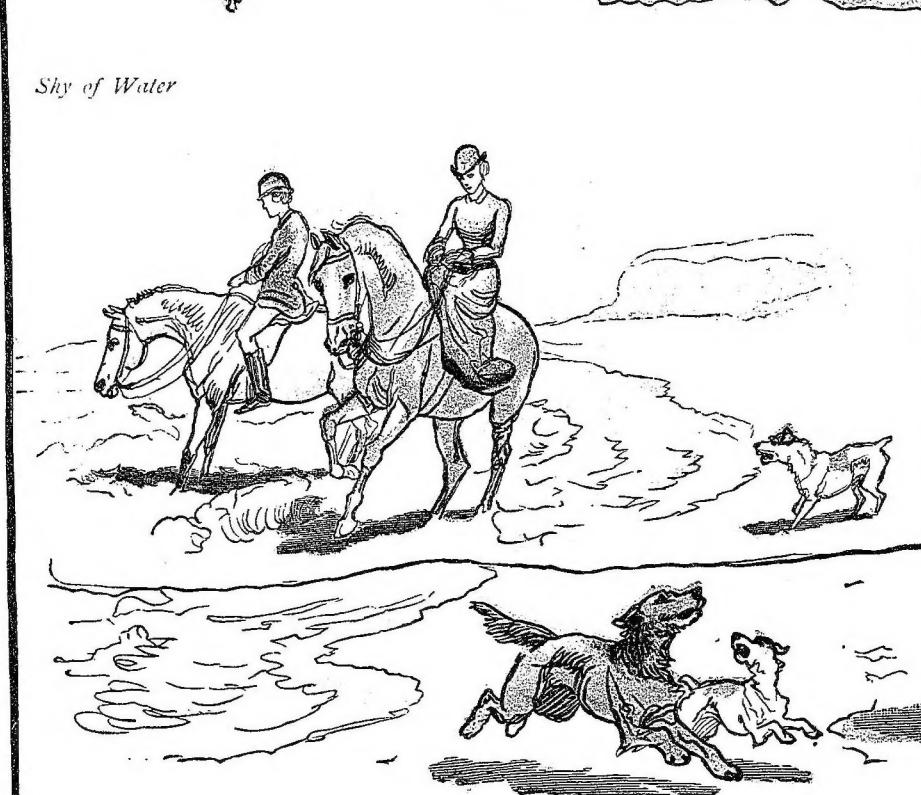
The Brook



A Sea View



Sky of Water



A Gallop on the Sands

A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY